The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

TENSION in Europe eased somewhat this week as it was learned that no further sanctions against Italy are contemplated until the League Council meets on January 20. Reports from Africa brought news of successful counter-offensive thrusts by the Ethiopians, and the Italian populace generally began to realize that the military conquest of Ethiopia, if accomplished at all, would be a long-drawn-out enterprise. In France, Premier Laval averted what seemed almost certain downfall of his ministry by a spirited speech in defense of his League policy and the purity of his pro-League motives and was upheld in the Chamber of Deputies by the slim margin of twenty votes.

FROM England came interesting revelation of the content of talks between the English Ambassador and Chancellor Hitler prior to the Hoare-Laval peace plan. The Ambassador put forth a polite query as to the possibility of an air pact be- according to reports, by an explosive reply from Hitler in which he said there would be no air pact until Germany's lost colonies were restored and the responsibility-for-the-war clause eliminated from the Versailles Treaty, and meanwhile Germany would not be content until she built the largest air force in Europe. The British Cabinet's conciliatory move toward Italy came shortly after this talk. In view of persistent reports of royal intervention on behalf of the Hoare-Laval plan, significance was attached to the arrival in England this week of King Leopold of Belgium, who was said to bear a message from the King of Italy to the King of England. King Leopold's sister is married to the Crown Prince of Italy.

MASS demonstrations by high-school and college students denouncing Japanese aggression and calling upon the central government for active resistance continued throughout virtually the whole of China this week. So inflamed was popular feeling that the Nanking government hesitated to apply strong coercive measures, although martial law was declared in a number of the larger cities. Meanwhile the practically indistinguishable moves for North China "autonomy" and Japanese conquest went jerkily forward, and were made notable by the establishment of a Japanese garrison at Kalgan as the first step in an apparent campaign to bring all Inner Mongolia under Japanese influence. Japanese militarists openly avowed a policy of pressure on Outer Mongolia, which is closely allied with the Soviet Union, and Moscow quietly replied by informing the world in general and Japan and a rearmed Germany in particular that the submarine and naval defenses had increased fivefold within the past few years. Uruguay, the smallest country in South America and the only one to recognize the Soviet Union, this week broke off diplomatic relations on the grounds that the same "Communistic" elements that allegedly caused the recent revolt in Brazil were at work in Uruguay. The falsity of the Brazilian charge is discussed in another editorial paragraph in this issue, and the real truth of the present episode seems to be that Uruguay, allied with and dominated by her larger neighbor, was forced by Brazil to hand the Soviet

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JANUARY first, 1936, marks the final demise of the New Deal's most ambitious experiment, the National Recovery Administration. Three vestigial bureaus will be absorbed by the Department of Commerce, and the Consumers' Division, which has shown much activity recently, will go to the Labor Department. January first also marks the effective date of the Social Security Act, on which the collection of payroll taxes from every private enterprise employing eight or more persons will begin. Congress is scheduled to convene on January 3, and a crowded legislative slate indicates that a short and peaceful session, so ardently desired by administration political leaders, is not likely to materialize. Political developments of the week centered around the growing Borah boom in the Republican Party, with definite announcement of plans to enter the New York and Illinois primaries, and Al Smith's refusal to visit the White House, which was thought to presage a bitter attack on the New Deal by the erstwhile Happy Warrior when he speaks before the Liberty League in Washington on January 25.

THE National Peace Conference is an affiliation of about thirty organizations with many millions of members, representing every political point of view except the extreme left. Quantitatively, it is by far the most important peace organization in the country. Its executive committee met recently in New York City and wrote a proposed redraft of the existing neutrality law; and while technically this must be ratified by the member organizations, such ratification will in nearly all cases be automatic and the proposal may be taken as the N.P.C.'s contribution in the present world crisis. The Conference would continue the present embargo on actual arms and munitions to all belligerents, though giving the President more discretion than do most other proposals now being worked out in Washington. It would extend the embargo to credits and loans, which most other students of the question agree should be done. It would put exports of raw materials useful in wartime on a quota basis, in accordance with pre-war trade, and would provide federal compensation for exporters whose business was adversely affected. These two provisions of course eat each other up; if you have one you do not need the other.

AN EXTREMELY dangerous proposal, which was not accepted by the committee but has nevertheless been referred to the member organizations, is one providing that the President may remove the embargoes against a country or group of countries deemed the victim of aggression in violation of the Pact of Paris (Kellogg-Briand Pact) provided a majority of the non-belligerent countries, also signers of the Pact, vote that this is the case. But does anybody in the world fail to realize by now that the for a moment, or has "renounced war as an instrument of national policy"? This proposal obviously has nothing to do with neutrality; it would probably be a guaranteed means of getting us into war. Even full membership in the League would be less dangerous than this. We are glad to note the opinion, strongly expressed in Washington, that there is no chance whatever that Congress will adopt this part of the plan.

CAN it be that in his old age William Randolph Hearst's mental processes are not so alert as they once were? At any rate, he blundered badly last week when there was no good reason for him to do so. Asked by Reuter's, the British news agency, to comment on the Lindberghs' flight from their native land, Mr. Hearst had the incredible stupidity to observe:

> I think it is extremely distressing and discouraging that this grand country of ours is so overrun with cranks, criminals and Communists that a splendid citizen like Colonel Lindbergh must take his family abroad to protect them against violence. . . . When the American people recognize and perform their duty to their country and elect a more competent and more patriotic lot of public men, America will be cleansed of its criminal vermin, and fine men like Colonel Lindbergh can live here with their families safely and proudly.

The doctrine that Communists have anything to do with kidnaping might go down with Mr. Hearst's readers in America, who after all are specially selected for gullibility; but Europeans know better. Many of them also know that the kidnaping of Charles Lindbergh Jr. occurred during the Hoover administration, and that since March 4, 1933, both the law and its administration have been immensely strengthened. The New York Post in a brilliant editorial points out these facts, and several others: 1. It was Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, a protege of Hearst, who recently "reopened" the Hauptmann case, and thereby helped send Colonel Lindbergh abroad. 2. The New York Mirror, a Hearst paper, has been printing Hauptmann's sentimental autobiography, "trying to drum up circulation in Nazi circles of Yorkville" (the German district of New York City). 3. The one incident that chiefly caused the Lindberghs to leave America happened when Hearst photographers, in two automobiles, recently crowded the Lindbergh car to the curb and forced it to halt, for the purpose of making photographs of the famous couple's second child, little Jon Lindbergh. Mrs. Lindbergh, the child and the nurse were all badly frightened, the adults believing that another kidnaping attempt was in progress. For this cruel and unjustified invasion of privacy, one of the photographers received a hundred-dollar bonus. . . . When Hearst "stuck out his neck," as he did in his statement to Reuter's, his

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NO MORE crushing indictment of Hitlerism has ever been published than the letter in which James G. McDonald resigned as League of Nations High Commissioner for Refugees from Germany. Mr. McDonald, who has held this post for more than two years, does not resign because his work is completed; on the contrary, he is leaving his post because the steady increase of German repression directed against racial, religious (and he might have added, political) minorities is making the task a hopeless one. He calls upon the League, and non-League nations throughout the world, to use every possible form of pressure short of force to persuade Germany to abandon its persecution, which in some cases amounts to systematic starvation. Mr. McDonald's report was made public as this issue of The New Republic was going to press; we shall discuss his facts and conclusions at greater length in later issues.

SIGNIFICANT alike to the labor movement and to the Negro in relation to that movement is the victory of the Newspaper Guild of New York in its eleven-weeks' fight with The Amsterdam News. On the one hand it again demonstrates that white-collar workers may be effectively organized for labor struggles. Negro and white workers of all political shades and from a wide range of industries coöperated to help the strikers. The conduct of the fight served also to dramatize for Harlem the conflict between employers and employees—a clash of interests no less keen because of identity of race. The Amsterdam News is commercially a small institution, but as a leading Negro journal it is of importance to the community. In the minds of its readers it represents Negro business with which are linked traditional racial loyalties. In spite of this, these readers gave generous support to the fifteen locked-out Guild members, which seems to indicate that labor consciousness in Harlem is stronger, in comparison with loyalty to "race" business, than had been supposed. Unwilling to negotiate with the Guild, the publishers were forced into bankruptcy through a boycott by readers and advertisers. The new management immediately recognized The Guild, discharged the strike breakers, reinstated the locked-out editorial workers under a two-year contract with a ten-percent increase, agreed to the closed shop and granted other demands. With the signing of this agreement The Amsterdam News becomes the first Negro publication to recognize The Guild, and one of the very few Negro businesses, if not the only one, to bargain collectively with its employees.

FRANCE appears to have found a way to dissolve armed fascist leagues within the framework of democracy. It will be remembered that the original proposal for disarming the Leagues came from a member of the Croix de Feu itself. Premier principle of disarmament, before submitting the actual decrees. When the measures were placed before the Chamber of Deputies for debate, they were found to forbid individual possession of arms, and were to take effect through the usual court procedures, permitting long-drawn-out appeals and delays. Organizations, as such, were left intact and no mention was made of collective armament. The problem of the People's Front, which has a parliamentary majority, was to draft amendments that would put teeth into the law against these subterfuges. Laws against freedom of association obviously constitute a two-edged weapon. This was got around by an amendment prohibiting military organizations (in a parliamentary democracy) and defining with great skill and precision the military structure, uniforms and insignia that go to make up an armed fascist league. Further amendments provided for the confiscation of collective as well as individual armament, and established the nature of the measures as decrees, going immediately into effect, rather than laws that might be tested, challenged and delayed in the courts. Laval was outwitted, the Fascists were fuming and rebellious, but the People's Front majority held and the Chamber of Deputies adopted the decrees. Later the Senate adopted them in substantially the same form and they are now in the hands of President Lebrun for final action.

FIRST-HAND reports from Brazil indicate that the recent revolt in that country had a much wider significance than the press dispatches would lead one to believe. Even the regular wire services had to point out the absurdity of President Vargas' charge of communism against a movement that was asking for an eight-hour day, anti-child-labor laws and unemployment insurance, but what they failed to mention was the fact that the revolt was supported by a common front of democrats, liberals, labor and radicals and was crushed by a dictator-president with the connivance of an open and avowedly Fascist organization, the Integralistas. In the wide range of the interests represented, from liberal bourgeoisie through trade unionists to Socialists and Communists, the National Liberal Alliance in Brazil is second only to the People's Front in France. It not only has broad popular support in all classes of the population, but includes members of the government, army officers and soldiers and members of the clergy. Its primary tenets are anti-imperialism, the nationalization of Brazilian resources for Brazilians, the restoration of civil liberties and the passage of social-welfare legislation. The two main exploiting interests in Brazil are British and American. They are bitterly opposed to each other, and the Vargas regime favors first one and then the other, but when a popular movement arises the three quickly unite to crush it. Civil rights are suspended in Brazil today, labor unions

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that he soon betrayed, reigns as dictator with Integralistas as allies.

NORTH CAROLINA now has a Mooney case all its own. The Supreme Court of that state recently confirmed the sentences of five of the six defendants in the Burlington dynamite case, giving the convicted men terms of hard labor ranging from two to ten years. As our readers may recall, this case grew out of the textile strike in September, 1934. Some dynamite was exploded inside the fence of an unused section of a textile mill in Burlington, injuring no one and doing damage estimated at about twelve dollars. Six men, including the president of the local United Textile Workers' Union, were promptly arrested, charged with setting off the dynamite, and were found guilty. North Carolinians who followed the trial closely charge that it was conducted in an atmosphere of terrorism and with every indication of perjured testimony. For example, three men who swore on the witness stand that they had conspired with the defendants to "blow up the mill" admitted that they expected substantial remuneration if the accused were found guilty. These men, after the trial, were given employment in local mills in spite of their own assertion that they were dynamiters. Witnesses for the defense were intimidated and in some cases prevented from testifying. It is alleged that union members were excluded from the jury and that non-union textile workers who did serve feared they might lose their jobs in case of acquittal.

SINCE last spring, the District of Columbia has had one of the most stringent teachers'-oath laws. Under it, teachers must swear each time they draw their pay—twice a month—that they have not taught communism. The District Central Labor Union recently voted to fight reënactment of the law, which automatically expires this year. The multitudinous patriotic organizations with Washington headquarters have expressed their determination to fight for the law. It is possible that if reënactment in Washington can be prevented, it will serve as a national example and help to end the tide of teachers'-oath measures over the country.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY recently inquired into the employment status of its women graduates. What it learned is not likely to cause young girls to run away from home to gain the benefits of a college education. The average annual salaries of the graduates of the classes from 1928 to 1934, inclusive, were found to range from $800 for the class of 1933 to $1,280 for the class of 1930. In weekly wages that means an average of $15.38 to $24.61. Only three women out of a total of 355 reported salaries above $2,000. While, of course, there is a bright side to this—the earnings might be lower—the publication of these figures looks sus-

A People's Front for America

THE QUARREL now in progress in the Socialist Party of New York has an importance that goes far beyond the narrow question of sectarianism in one small radical party in one state. It throws light on the most serious question that is now facing all Americans who are not contented with Tory rule—or worse—under one party label or another: the question whether united and cohesive left activity is possible in this country. For this reason, it is worth consideration in some detail.

The immediate question is whether Norman Thomas and a considerable group of active Socialists who agree with him shall be read out of the party by the elements in control in New York City, commonly referred to as the "Old Guard." Not long ago, this Old Guard demanded the right to reorganize the party in New York City under its own auspices and in its own way. On a test vote in the City Central Committee, it won by forty-eight to forty-four. The forty-four thereupon withdrew, charging the majority with undemocratic actions and intentions, and appealed to the state organization.

The question will probably be decided while this issue of The New Republic is on the press; the Thomas group claimed in advance that it had a majority of the branches throughout the state. It also claims the support of almost every Socialist leader in the whole country whose name is known to the present generation. In broad outline, it charges the Old Guard with "stagnation"; with maintaining itself in power in New York City by a "rotten borough" system; with an ominously close contact with conservative trade unions, some of which are in bad odor with the whole labor movement; with continuing a blind hostility to Soviet Russia (despite lip-service to the idea of recognition); with sabotaging the forward-looking "Declaration of Principles" of 1934, which had been adopted in a national referendum by a two-thirds vote; with alienating the party's youthful element.

If these charges are accurate—and we believe they are—it seems to us obvious on which side should lie the sympathies of all persons inside or outside the party who would like to see the Socialists play their proper part in the struggle both to prevent reaction and to move toward a sane social order. To the aloof observer it appears plain that if the Old Guard continues much longer in control the Socialist Party in New York will die. That would mean a serious blow at the party throughout the country, since New York has 20 percent of the total membership and enormous prestige. To be sure, the party would probably be born again; but time would be lost and needless waste incurred.

Assuming that the Thomas group comes into control, as seems likely to happen, what are the chances

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malignant hostility of the Old Guard; but it would be a mistake to suppose that such a front would automatically come into existence with the passing of these Socialist Bourbons from power. The present differences between left Socialists and Communists were well stated in the recent debate between Thomas and Earl Browder, speaking for the Communists, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, and it may be useful to summarize the arguments on both sides.

Mr. Thomas, for the Socialists, charged the Communists with having undergone a conversion to coöperation that is too sudden and complete to be real. He said they were acting under orders from Moscow, and that Moscow was actuated primarily by fear of war, and the necessity of strengthening its alliance with capitalistic France and making similar ties with other conservative West European countries. He criticized the lack of democratic institutions in Russia and particularly the treatment of Socialists and the forcible liquidation of the kulaks. He condemned Russia's policy in continuing to sell oil in Italy at the present time. He predicted that if the Communists came to power and felt that the necessity for coöperation was past, Socialists and others whom they are now seeking as allies would meet the same fate in America as the Russian Mensheviks.

Earl Browder in reply charged the reformist tactics of the moderate Socialists (Social Democrats) with having failed in all countries, whereas the dictatorship of the proletariat has succeeded in creating Soviet Russia, the world's great bulwark for socialism and for peace. He charged that Norman Thomas had been misled as to the facts about what has happened in Russia and pointed out the uselessness of isolated action by Russia against Italy when what is needed is concerted and worldwide pressure. As to the sincerity of the Communists' present desire for coöperation, he argued that the only way to test it is by practical experience, and predicted that out of united action will quickly arise a new spirit of understanding.

Everyone with any knowledge of recent history knows how much truth there is in these charges and counter-charges. Both the Socialists and the Communists have made many bad mistakes, in many countries, during the past quarter of a century. (So have all other political parties.) The Socialists have no outstanding successes to their credit, the Communists only one; and even in Soviet Russia the advances of the past eighteen years have been accompanied by blunders that have taken a terrible toll in human suffering. The ineffectiveness of both parties in the United States is evidenced by the fact that after six years of depression they have between them only about 60,000 members, and, as Browder pointed out, their combined membership is at the moment decreasing slightly. Say, if you like, that many sympathizers are unwilling, for one reason or thirty to one, and you have still a total strength of only about a million—less than two percent of the electorate, only 2.5 percent of the actual voters. No party or group of parties in such a position can be called a success.

Recriminations as to the past are, however, of no importance now; we have had too many such recriminations already. The real point is what to do about the present and future. While German Socialists and Communists made faces at each other, Hitler came to power. While American Socialists, Communists, Farmer-Laborites, conservative trade unions, radical trade unions and other groups have made faces at one another, we have had a dangerous upswing of fascist tendencies in this country. We have seen the mild reformism of the Roosevelt administration defied and defeated by Big Business, even though the President has confined his hostility almost entirely to words. We have seen the Ku Klux Klan, completely fascist in spirit, rise to a membership of 3,000,000, and even though most of these persons have stopped paying dues to the sheeted order, their hearts are still with it. We have seen vigilantism develop in many parts of the country, always for one purpose—to terrorize the poor and oppressed for the benefit of the dominant group. Repression in the classroom has gone to unprecedented lengths. The American Legion, the professional patriots, Hearst and other conservative publishers, the militarists and all their brood are stronger, bolder and more conscious of their intentions than ever before. Nor is all this merely a depression phenomenon that will fade away as we get partial recovery for a few months or years and then get worse as the times do; it shows no signs of amelioration with the present upturn—an upturn, it is true, that is felt almost entirely in Wall Street and hardly at all by fifty million workers.

Under these circumstances there is, it seems to us, only one test to apply to possible adherents to a united front: are you for fascism (under that or some other name) or against it? If you are against it—against maintaining or raising prices at the expense of wages, against suppressing labor unions, against militarism in the classroom—that is enough. It is better to win with the aid of people some of whom we don't like, than to lose and come under the iron-fisted control of people all of whom we dislike a great deal more. Whatever may have been the underlying motives of Stalin's famous speech in Moscow, what he said was true as applied to America today: against a common enemy you need a common army. It is nonsense to go on saying that "it can't happen here"; that this country is Anglo-Saxon, is committed to democratic principles. Everyone who knows America knows that our temperament is much more nearly Latin than it is British; that we have a tradition of violence and a mixed and disparate racial background which is quite as good a potential forcing bed for fascism

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discipline, law and order. If you agree with this diagnosis, then you must, we think, agree with Mr. Browder that common action is imperative and that the way to unite is to unite; and with Mr. Thomas that the way to begin is on specific issues (several good starts have already been made), and that not to go backward may even be, for the moment, to advance.

Land of the Free: 1935

A REPORT was issued not long ago by the American Civil Liberties Union, giving a retrospective look at conditions in its field of special interest during most of 1935 and part of 1934. Going back as far as the San Francisco general strike in the summer of '34, it emphasized the place of that situation in any review of recent violations of civil liberties. The action of the San Francisco vigilantes who pursued and clubbed radicals and broke into homes and offices, smashing and burning, received the complete approval not merely of the local authorities, but of the federal government in the person of General Hugh S. Johnson. Mob revenge obtained the sanction of the legal representatives of the community, and was made to seem safe and easy. The example given to the rest of the country was disastrous. As a specific result of the strike, the Hearst newspapers were started on their furious anti-Red campaign, and the American Legion was stirred to greater and more pernicious activity than it had shown since the years immediately after the World War.

Through its hundreds of correspondents, the Civil Liberties Union has a unique means of gauging the ebb and flow of freedom. Its judgment is that the liberties of individuals not engaged in labor disputes were more secure during 1934-35 than at any time since the depression began. Four states enacted laws forbidding a place on the ballot to political parties advocating violence, and eight states enacted laws requiring oaths of loyalty from school teachers, making a total of twenty states in which such oaths are now compulsory. But the Civil Liberties Union points out that these are relatively small losses beside the victories of the year. Efforts by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, with combined weight of the chief reactionary societies behind it, to obtain the passage of federal anti-radical laws were decisively defeated. Lynchings in 1934 dropped to fourteen, as compared with twenty-five in 1933. The attempt of the immigration authorities to deport the English writer, John Strachey, as a dangerous revolutionist collapsed in a burst of hilarity from the whole country. Judge Woolsey's civilized decision to permit the importation of James Joyce's "Ulysses" was a severe setback to the customs censorship. The elaborate attempt of Hearst agents to trap men who seem bloody-handed advocates of violence proved a boomerang, and ended by bringing about a boycott of his newspapers and newsreels on many campuses. The most conspicuous violation of academic freedom was the dismissal of Professor Granville Hicks from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute under pressure from the American Legion and local business men. The Civil Liberties Union cites five other outstanding violations of academic freedom. Shocking as it is that any such cases can occur, an improvement is shown over previous years.

In contrast with the slow subsidence of attacks on the freedom of individuals, however, is the increasingly lawless use of force on the part of employers against their workers. The losses in this sector of liberty, the Civil Liberties Union points out, far overbalance the gains in other sectors. The last year was a period of strikes in which the legal rights of the workers were uniformly disregarded. Most of the strikes arose from the efforts of workers to obtain union recognition and the right of collective bargaining, the latter supposedly guaranteed by the N.R.A. and the National Labor Relations Board. "The administration's attempts to check this employer offensive against labor were effective only in minor strikes," says the Civil Liberties Union. "In the larger strikes, or where issues of collective bargaining affected powerful interests, the government either openly aided the employers, as in the San Francisco general strike and the discharge of Newspaper Guild members on a Hearst paper, or so terminated the strike by the appointment of boards of arbitration that the employers were in effect victors." The number of workers killed and wounded on picket lines, the Civil Liberties Union estimates, exceeded that of the previous twelve months. Farm strikes in California, Ohio and New Jersey, as well as the sharecroppers' strike in Arkansas, were suppressed with especial brutality. Cases of police violence against demonstrations of the unemployed have grown steadily more frequent. It is a tragic record, and one that holds out scanty hope for a peaceful solution of our national problems.

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The Lady Patriot's Book

IF IT were put in the form of a question ("What contemporary American woman is famous for a book which, although not fiction, is largely a work of the imagination?") one might have to ponder for some time before reaching the correct answer—Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network." Although her special qualifications for her chosen field are not visible to the naked eye, she has made herself known (and felt) in some of the remotest villages in the United States. And her book, which is now chiefly a joke or a handbook for headhunters, will some day have considerable significance—a curious and somewhat cockeyed thermometer of our fevered times.

Who, then, is Mrs. Dilling? Upon what strange meat has she been fed that she hath grown so great? And what inspired her, she who might have taken up knitting or petunia-growing, to adopt as her hobby the deliberate and sometimes hasty criticism of men and women she has never even seen—among them some of the most distinguished figures in American life?

She was born in Chicago about forty years ago, the daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and christened Elizabeth Eloise. Her father died during her childhood, leaving his family reasonably well off. Mrs. Kirkpatrick (who claims to share ancestry with John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln) became a real-estate operator and, in the general mild prosperity of that time, was fairly successful. Elizabeth was sent to a private school in Chicago.

Those who knew her during her girlhood remember her as an unusually emotional child. Her mother sent her to the Southwest, thinking to improve her health, and there Elizabeth spent three or four years. She became deeply interested in religion, sending her girl friends thirty and forty-page letters about her Bible readings, and much of that interest yet remains. (Why she did not become an evangelist will always be a mystery.) She came back from the West a lonely, gangling girl; entering finally the same University of Chicago that she now shrills against as a hotbed of Communism. She remained in the university three months—a highly emotional, eager girl with a dramatically sculptured face, enormous brown eyes and a quick, giddy laugh. What happened to her at college is one of the secrets that only she can reveal. It is said in some quarters that she was anxious—perhaps too anxious—for a social career on the campus and was rebuffed; a humiliation she could not face. The reason for her leaving college is, of course, in itself of no importance. The intelligence" (as she referred to Dr. John Dewey during a recent address), has at best hardly more than a high-school education—and, because of its various interruptions, a rather sketchy one at that.

Some time after she left college she met, and married, Albert Wallwick Dilling. He was then singing in an Episcopal Church choir, and studying both law and engineering at night. Both subjects were to serve him in his subsequent entry into Chicago politics. From 1920 to 1922 he served as chief engineer of the Chicago Sanitary District.

It wasn't until 1931 that Mrs. Dilling, who had been casting about for years in search of a career, found what she has since called her God-given task: "exposing" conditions in Soviet Russia. Just when Mrs. Dilling went to Russia, if at all, and for how long, is a matter on which the record seems somewhat confusing. It is worth noting, however, that her description of the horrors of Red Russia occupies a full half-hour of her two-hour lecture, during which she chides George Bernard Shaw for lauding the Soviet regime "after a short, carefully supervised visit" there in 1931.

Today her description of Russia runs as follows:

"I simply went to Russia with my husband to see and find out what it's all about. . . . They've got a great deal of freedom there . . . for vermin. . . . There's dirt and there's smell. . . . If you have ever smelled Russia you'll never forget it. . . . But they've got a Satanic enthusiasm there. . . . You get cucumbers and black bread to eat. There's no meat, no eggs, no vegetables—but they'll have them if you'll just stick around for another Five Year Plan. . . . Little children beg for cigarettes. . . . We went to the model nurseries where the flies were fighting over dirty linen that hadn't been washed for I don't know how long. . . . The food makes you sick at your stomach. It did me. It really did. . . . I don't care what anybody says. I have not had one fact disproved. . . . We saw Lenin. . . . He's god in Russia. Pickled in alcohol under glass. A little sandy-whiskered thing . . . a poor substitute for Jesus Christ. I thought to myself—pooh, you don't amount to much. He died of an unspeakable disease and killed three million people before he died."

All this, and two full hours of it, without one discernible inhalation. She speaks at breakneck speed, one word tumbling after another. Before her there is always a great pile of material—red banners, red flags, the Y.W.C.A. songbook, The Epworth Herald, the "Internationale" (which she sings for her audiences), magazines, newspapers, pamphlets—she goes through them like a torrent

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fore the chairman was able to break in and ask her to speak more slowly so the shorthand reporter could follow her.

"If I give you a chance, you'll stop me," she cried, returning to her tirade.

"The Red Network" appeared for the first time about two years ago. It is described as a compilation of 460 "Communist, Anarchist, Socialist, I.W.W. or Radical-Pacifist controlled organizations and 1,300 individuals who have contributed in some measure to one or more phases of the Red movement in the United States." That there is a Red movement in America, an octopus whose Moscow-radiating arms are about to crush the country, Mrs. Dilling does not doubt. "You're going out into the worst age of history," she tells the Monday evening meeting of the Moody Bible Institute. "You don't know the Red harlot, the Red beast, and the signs of the times that are coming."

"The Red Network" is her own personal offensive against the Terror—the product of her imagination and industry and purse. She has been assisted in its production, however, by a group of "super-expert patriots." (The description is her own.) Mrs. Dilling gives them credit for assisting in the preparation of "The Red Network"—whether this includes printing costs she does not say—and among them are included:

> State Senator Clayton R. Lusk of New York, chief author [1920] of the four-volume Report of the Joint Legislative Committee of the State of New York Investigating Seditious Activities.
>
> Nelson E. Hewitt of Chicago, author [1935] of the alarmist pamphlet "How 'Red' Is the University of Chicago?" . . . "who has devoted twelve years of his life to statistical work and study on Red subversive activities."
>
> Francis Ralston Welsh, Philadelphia attorney, "a real super-patriot and research expert on subversive activities."
>
> John B. Chapple, editor of The Ashland (Wisconsin) Press, author of "La Follette Socialism," "Fundamentalist and Other Anti-Bolshevik, Anti-Atheist Churches."
>
> Colonel Sidney Story, "lecturer and fiery patriot."
>
> Nesta Webster, "world famous historian," whose "Socialist Network of Great Britain" was the inspiration of Mrs. Dilling's masterpiece.
>
> Representative Hamilton Fish of New York.
>
> Miss Margaret Kerr, executive secretary of the Better America Federation, "which placed and has kept the Criminal Syndicalism Law on the statute books of California despite the frantic efforts of the Reds to repeal it."
>
> Fred Marvin of New York, national secretary of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies.
>
> Harry A. Jung of Chicago, "Honorary General Manager" of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation a very close adviser of Mrs. Dilling, one of the chief distributors of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" and "Halt, Gentile—Salute the Jew."
>
> by the McCormack-Dickstein Committee in its investigation of un-American activities and was specifically censured for fomenting racial prejudices.

The outstanding characteristic of "The Red Network" is its inaccuracy. It ropes together all kinds of organizations and individuals and marks them with a single brand. Its general absurdities—listing Eleanor Roosevelt, Newton D. Baker and theY.M. C.A. as "Red," for example—are too well known to need any repeating here. It is significant of Mrs. Dilling's great mental confusion, however, that such organizations as the American Federation of Teachers, the Catholic Association for International Peace, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, are considered as much of a national "menace" as the Communist Party and the League for the Promotion of Atheism. For Mrs. Dilling there are no grades. Everything is Red.

Items picked at random from "The Red Network" and put together on a single page read like an imitation of Walter Winchell's keyhole column. Mrs. Dilling informs us, for instance:

". . . While I am unable to understand the scientific value of the Relativity theory, I can understand the 'relativity' of Einstein to his daughter, who married a Russian." . . . Another of Einstein's qualifications as a dangerous enemy to our institutions is the fact that he has been "President Roosevelt's overnight White House guest." . . . William C. Bullitt is to be regarded with some suspicion because "the Jewish press exults over his mother being Jewish." . . . Amos Pinchot must be held responsible for his brother Gifford. . . . Frederick C. Howe must be held responsible for his late wife's membership in the Women's Peace Party. . . . A. A. Berle, Jr., must be held responsible for his father's membership on the executive committee of the American Civil Liberties Union.

"The Red Network" is not without its moral, ethnological and religious observations. "God created separate races," writes Mrs. Dilling, "but Communists insist on racial intermixture and intermarriage. Neither the races nor the sexes can ever be equal." Her denunciation of the Fellowship of Faiths has this passage: "Speakers for the debasing and degrading Hindu, Mohammedan, Pagan and Agnostic Cults are placed in 'fellowship' and on equal footing with speakers for Jesus Christ. . . . The savage Mohammedan call of the muezzin as heard in darkest Asia is mingled with the propaganda of the Hindu, Jew and Agnostic." And of fascism she concludes:

> It seeks a harmony between all classes and concedes to industrialists, white-collar, professional as well as laboring workers, a place in the social order as necessary parts, not as "class enemies," of the whole, but under state control. It defends some property rights and religion. . . . The problem of the large number of revolutionary Russian Jews in Germany doubtless contributed toward making Fascist Germany anti-Semitic

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> Reds, because it is the only system which opposes militancy and puts down one dictatorship with another. . . . As the strength of Socialism-Communism increases, the chance to preserve Democracy decreases, until eventually Fascism becomes the only alternative to Socialism-Communism.

These are strangely gentle words coming from one who presumably, as a good American, is opposed to such an alien doctrine as fascism, whether Mussolini or Hitler style.

Those who regard Mrs. Dilling as a menace do not entirely lack reason for doing so. In the circles of the educated and informed, "The Red Network" may be waved aside as being of no importance, but in police headquarters of such low-pressure intelligence areas as Marked Tree, Arkansas, and New York City, it carries considerable weight. A list, any list, has authority in certain quarters and the coppers are only too glad to find a suspected "Red's" name in the "Network." Educators have attributed the cancellation of lecture engagements at small colleges to the inclusion of their names in Mrs. Dilling's Baedeker, and some of the institutions and organizations listed have found a reluctance on the part of some persons to support any group suspected of Red tendencies.

There is considerable humor in the fact that, along with its future historical value, "The Red Network" may easily acquire a social significance as well as an importance, for instance, similar to that which might be attached to the original passenger list of the "Mayflower." A good many years from now, say in 2036, the ancestor-seekers of that time will probably be just as anxious to discover the names of their forebears in "The Red Network" as would be our living admirers of dead revolutionaries to find the names of their great-great-great-grandparents on the passage-sheet of the "Mayflower." Mrs. Dilling has produced, by accident, something of a blue book of the newer aristocracy. Along with many people who do not belong in such select company, she has collected the names of hundreds of the members of that brave and hardy band who have dared, by voice or deed or printed word, to protest against man's inhumanity to man. It is a service of considerable value and for that service Mrs. Dilling will be remembered. For that also, she should be thanked.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Short Circuits in the Red Network

A group of Chicago liberals engaged in preparing a booklet on anti-radical activities in the United States wrote to 115 persons mentioned in "The Red Network" asking them if the statements about them in the volume were accurate. Of those who replied, nearly every one said that they were not. We print below the names of a few of these individuals and their disclaimers of the statements about themselves.—THE EDITORS.

JANE ADDAMS before her death authorized the statement that the report on herself was distorted beyond recognition.

THE REVEREND NORMAN BARR never debated for the Atheist Forum; he always spoke against atheism.

CARLETON BEALS did not speak at the New School for Social Research with Robert Dunn and Manuel Gomez and was never a member of the A.A.A.I. or on the national committee of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

ALFRED BINGHAM is not on any committee of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

STUART CHASE was never an "associate of Berkman's anarchist gang" or of any other anarchist groups. Never saw Berkman. Was never on staff of Rand School. Pronounces it entirely untrue to say he is co-author of "Soviet Russia in the Second Decade" or that he is "communist recommended" author. He says The New Masses and The Daily Worker have atttacked him "viciously."

HARRY DANA is not a professor at Harvard (was assistant in 1910). Was not barred from England in 1932 but on the contrary went there that year and has been in England since; did not attend University of Chicago Congress Against War.

JOHN DEWEY was never secretary-treasurer of New England A.C.L.U. Matthew Woll has denied the alleged quotation concerning Dewey's Communistic teaching.

PROFESSOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS was never a member of the Socialist

THE REVEREND HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK brands it wholly false to say that he is pro-Soviet.

CHARLES GILKEY is not "Dean of Religious Education" but is Dean of the University Chapel. The Emergency Relief Committee of which he is chairman has never had anything to do with strikers and the phrase "Emergency Committee Strike Relief" is therefore false.

CARL HAESSLER was never a member of the Communist Party nor lecturer for the party; did not instigate a riot at Leavenworth, but negotiated a pacific settlement; was never on the staff of Brookwood Labor College.

CARLTON J. H. HAYES is not a member of the National Council of C.M.E.; repudiates story of "sneering at patriotic observances"; is a World War veteran, member of the American Legion and of special committee of the Army War College.

THE REVEREND JOHN HAYNES HOLMES brands as absurd the statement that he had changed the name of his church to Community Church to show his change of heart from Christianity to Communism.

FANNIE HURST finds most of the account about her "inaccurate." Incidentally, she votes the Democratic ticket.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT says that he was not "leader" of the National Student League at the University of Chicago in 1932, nor has he ever had any connection with the organization. He cannot identify the initials "A.A.A.I. Lg.," or "N.C. to A.S.M.F.S.," presumably representing organizations of which he is supposed to be a member He says that he was president of the Federated Press League in 1922, but it had nothing to do with Communists.

HARRIET MONROE was never a member of the Chicago Committee for the Struggle Against War, nor of the John Reed Club.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET was never a member of the John Reed Club nor of "most of the other organizations" mentioned.

MARGARET SANGER's husband was not Dr. William Sanger, nor was she ever the associate of Emma Goldman or Alexander Berkman.

BISHOP WILLIAM SCARLETT is not "Dean" of Christ Cathedral and

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PROFESSOR FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN never lectured at the Chicago Workers' School; did not join the League of Professional Groups for Foster and Ford; and never supported nor heard of the Chicago Workers' Theatre.

GEORGE SOULE has never had any connection with the Rand School or "certain revolutionary labor organizations."

PHELPS STOKES was never vice-president of the National Consumers' League.

CARL D. THOMPSON was not a member of the Ford Peace Ship expedition; was not "un-American" during the War, but on the contrary was awarded a medal for his activities. He is not a trustee of the "Yours for Revolution" People's College and has no connection with it.

DOCTOR ERNEST F. TITTLE says the account of him is wholly distorted and misleading. The governing board of his church, First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, issued a statement in regard to the misrepresentation and slander directed against Dr. Tittle and branded the attacks "un-American and un-Christian."

J. P. WARBASSE is not a Socialist (resigned from the Party in 1914); was never on any committee for Thomas; was never a member of Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, nor member of Teachers' Union, nor of the Coöperative Club of Moscow; never lectured at Brookwood Labor College, nor was he a member of any "Cong Exp Radicals"—whatever that phrase may mean.

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS is not a member of the Socialist Party and was never a Unitarian minister.

The Myth of "Hungry" Nations

LATELY we have heard a great deal about the conflict between "hungry" and "sated" nations. The phrase has been used to describe Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia, Japan's advance into Manchuria and North China, and Hitler's proposed penetration of east Europe. A "hungry" nation means one without colonies producing raw materials, and this lack is supposed to drive it to eventual war. The image of a world separated into "hungry" and "sated" nations has been a favorite of Mussolini, Hitler and the Japanese blood brotherhoods. In rural villages and congested city districts, millions of humble Italians, Germans and Japanese have listened to speeches on the need for winning colonies and raw materials, and dreamed glorious dreams of a time when they would all be rich and happy. A few miserable Italians and Japanese have already died to fulfill these dreams.

The concept of "hungry" and "sated" countries did not gain respectability, however, until Sir Samuel Hoare, in a speech at Geneva last October, seemed to agree that Mussolini had a case for conquest, and proposed a "redistribution" of raw materials. Hoare's sincerity could not be suspected, since he represented the chief of the "sated" nations. Many people concluded that if an Englishman were ready to admit that Italy, Germany and Japan had been badly used by the colony-possessing countries, it must be so. They were confirmed in this when Hoare's words were cordially, if vaguely, assented to by Secretary Hull, spokesman for the second chief "sated" nation.

The London Economist recently published a list of five "sated" countries, together with the raw materials that each one controls, at least to the extent of 20 percent of world production. The list was: the British empire: chrome ore, coal, cocoa, copper, copra, cotton, gold, ground nuts, jute, lead, manganese ore, nickel, rubber, silver, tin, vegetable oils, wheat, wool and zinc; the French empire: bauxite, cocoa, ground nuts, iron ore, potash and lead, petroleum, silver and zinc; the U.S.S.R.: chrome ore, linseed, manganese ore, petroleum and wheat.

This is an impressive demonstration of the degree to which the sources of raw materials are concentrated in a few countries. It is easy to imagine an Italian—or a German or a Japanese—reading this list, and feeling that unless he and his compatriots can force the "sated" nations to disgorge their booty, they are condemned to a life of permanent and dishonorable poverty.

This patriotic rancor, however, is largely mistaken. Even the warmest proponents of the hungry-nation thesis, when they talk about Italy being denied access to raw materials, do not mean it literally. In peacetime, at least, an Italian business man can buy whatever raw materials he can pay for, and on the same terms as the business men of other nations. Sometimes, in his speeches, Mussolini has seemed to imply that the sated countries do not sell to Italians willingly, that they part with their raw materials as grudgingly as a miser gives up gold. But the raw-material dealers in the world markets are in business exclusively for profit, and cases where one of them has refused to sell to an Italian because of his nationality must be practically unknown.

Usually, however, the hungry-nation proponents do not deny that Italians—and Germans and Japanese—can buy raw materials if they have the money with which to pay for them. Instead, their arguments center around the monopoly prices that the sated nations are able to exact for their raw materials. They point, for example, to the fact that England and Holland dominate the world supply of tin. Tin is an essential for industry. Italy must have tin, and must pay what England and Holland demand. Therefore—according to this argument—Italian economy is dependent on England and Holland, and these two countries have Italy "by the throat."

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by Sir Samuel Hoare. Nevertheless, stated in this way, it constitutes a sort of verbal sleight-of-hand trick. In the present-day world, except in the case of the U.S.S.R., raw materials are not ordinarily sold by governments. They are sold by individuals and corporations. It is not true that, in the case of tin, England and Holland have Italy by the throat. All that can be said is that certain individuals or syndicates operating in tin on the London Metals Exchange may or may not have certain Italian consumers of tin by the throat.

This is an important distinction to make, for it changes the whole sense of the hungry-nation argument. It means that the wrath of the peoples of the hungry nations ought to be directed not toward England and the other sated nations, but toward the relatively small group of business men who own the sources of many of the world's raw materials, and who are to some degree above and outside the control of governments. But consumers in hungry nations have no more cause for anger than their brother consumers in the sated countries, for all suffer equally from raw-material monopolies. The hungry-nation argument, if it means anything at all, means that hungry people in every country, except Russia, are exploited by sated owners of mines, oil wells and plantations.

In point of fact, however, the hungry-nation proponents have chosen an unfortunate time in which to make their arguments. The owners of raw materials have done little exploiting during the depression. From 1930 until very recently, raw materials as a group have been selling at panic prices. In two generations, there has been no other period when Italians, Germans and Japanese had the chance to obtain greater supplies of raw materials at less cost. However, it is undoubtedly true that with world recovery, many of the raw-material cartels will be reconstituted, and will thereupon endeavor to exact monopoly prices from the buying public.

Nevertheless, it is hard to see how Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia will protect the Italian people against this prospective larceny. It is doubtful whether Ethiopia possesses important raw materials, but let us assume that she does. After Mussolini wins Ethiopia, in what way will her raw materials be any more available to the majority of Italians than they are under the dark and barbarous rule of Haile Selassie?

A fair means of answering this question is to see what has already been done under Mussolini's territorial jurisdiction. As it happens, Sicily and Texas together are the source of more than 90 percent of the world's production of brimstone sulphur. In 1923, the year that Mussolini came to power, the Sicilian producers joined with those of Texas to establish a brimstone-sulphur cartel. Within a brief time, they succeeded in raising the world price of sulphur by $4 a ton. These gains, and the subsequent profits, were divided between the Texas producers and the Sicilian producers. The Sicilian producers, however, were not Italians. They were largely Englishmen, Hollanders, Frenchmen or others of inferior nationality. Mussolini's beliefs, were able to obtain sulphur any more advantageously than Englishmen, Hollanders, Frenchmen or others of inferior nationality. For the Italians who owned the Sicilian deposits, the cartel was a pleasant affair, but it is not clear how the possession of sulphur within their national territory made it any more accessible to the great mass of the Italian people.

Italy also has deposits of bauxite, the raw material of aluminum, in Istria. In 1927, the great Montecatini hydro-electric-chemical interests founded the Societa Italiano dell'Alumino—not, however, with their own capital, but with funds supplied by Mussolini. Italy was a member of the international aluminum cartel, and the Montecatini firm was protected against foreign competition. Production of aluminum, which had averaged about 2,000 tons annually, rose to 11,800 tons in 1933. At this level, Italy was producing more aluminum than the valiant-hearted Fascisti, with their low wages, could consume. However, the Montecatini interests did not drop the price of aluminum to a point at which Italians could buy it. Instead, they successfully besought Mussolini to substitute aluminum for steel in the Italian state railways, and thus relieve them of their surplus. The happy result—for the Montecatini company—was that it could declare a 15-percent dividend, although it is believed to have paid no return whatever on the funds that Mussolini had advanced.

Proponents of the hungry-nation thesis, however, usually base their argument on two raw materials, tin and rubber, neither of which is produced by any of the hungry nations. Hair-raising stories can be told about both commodities. The International Tin Committee, reëstablished during the London economic conference of 1933, now includes all countries with tin supplies, has its headquarters at The Hague, and exercises more influence in international politics than most small nations. From a low of $425 a ton in 1932, the cartel successfully drove the price of tin up to a high of $1,187 a year later. The chief individual in this manipulation was the Englishman, John Howson, now under investigation following an attempt to corner the world supply of white pepper. According to testimony given last winter before the United States House Foreign Affairs Committee, the average cost of producing tin is about $400 a ton, and the year-by-year profit of cartel members amounts to about 50 percent.

Everyone will agree that tin provides a shocking case of a world monopoly. On the other hand, it is not clear how foreign conquest can be of any aid to Italian tin consumers. Suppose, for a wild moment, that Sir Samuel Hoare and his Tory colleagues should be sufficiently moved by their sympathy for Mussolini voluntarily to cede to him British Malaya, source of the cheapest and best tin,

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the Malayan tin companies. Can anyone believe that the new Italian owners would not become loyal members of the International Tin Committee, and would not coöperate in keeping the price of tin as high as they could?

The international rubber cartel's control of the rubber market was shattered by the depression, and the cartel's position is still so delicate that it does not dare boost prices. However, in 1923, after the adoption of the Stevenson plan, the British plantation owners succeeded in perpetrating the greatest raw-material squeeze of recent years. The price per pound, which had touched a low of 27 cents in 1922, advanced jerkily to 95 cents in 1925, and spot rubber momentarily went to $1.048 on the New York market. Immediately afterwards, because of competitive supplies from native growers in the Dutch East Indies, the price of rubber utterly collapsed.

Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, protested against the Stevenson plan with great violence. At present, Americans are the chief objectors to the tin monopoly. It may interest Mr. Frank Simonds and other American upholders of the hungry-nation thesis to know that the United States has by far the best claim to be called hungry. It is wholly dependent on selfish foreign countries for three important raw materials, tin, rubber and coffee. No other nation pays a fraction of what we do to international monopolies. The tribute exacted from Italians is insignificant beside that paid by American coffee drinkers, American users of tin cans and rubber automobile tires. If the road of escape from foreign exploitation lies in conquering colonies, Mr. Roosevelt was obviously derelict in permitting Mussolini to attack Ethiopia before we did. The Harar region of Ethiopia produces coffee, and—if the hungry-nation theory is correct—American Marines ought now to be disputing its conquest with Mussolini's patient Askaris.

Primarily, it is due to American initiative that the raw-material problem was considered in detail at the 1933 London economic conference. Largely because of American pressure, a resolution was adopted laying down the principles that should govern future cartel agreements. It provided that agreements

> should as far as possible be worked with the willing coöperation of consuming interests in importing countries who are equally concerned with producers in maintenance of regular supplies at fair and stable prices.

Partly as a result of this resolution, the tin-producing countries consented to the inclusion of a provision in their cartel agreement for a consumers' panel. Previously a similar provision had been incorporated in the rubber agreement. Representatives of consuming nations inquired whether the consumers' panel of the tin cartel would have the right to

determining prices. The private producing interests, whose spokesman was Sir John Campbell, then British Secretary for Colonies, politely refused. They were business men, and they saw no reason why they should not obtain as high prices as possible. The discussions during the London conference offer the clearest possible evidence that as long as the unrestricted right of private ownership in the sources of raw materials is admitted, the raw-material problem will be insoluble. There will never be such a thing as a "good" private cartel.

It would be misleading, however, not to point out that the possibilities of monopoly control vary greatly among raw materials. Tin is easy to control, because of the relatively few known deposits. In practice, the tin cartel receives considerable support from the British and Dutch governments—among other things, a high British export tax on tin ore. Nevertheless, the tin-mining interests are so powerful that they could probably manipulate prices in any event. Oil is another raw material over which monopoly control is easily exercised. Rubber falls in an intermediate group. The fate of the Stevenson plan indicates that any scheme designed to keep prices at an exorbitant level will ultimately fail. Perhaps the least controllable commodity is wheat. The problem with wheat is to prevent its millions of small producers from being victimized by the millers and speculators.

The most important single import of hungry Italy, Germany and Japan is cotton. At present, cotton is subject only to the control exerted through the A.A.A. and the Bankhead act. Since the United States is still much the largest producer, the measures taken by the Roosevelt administration have been able to maintain, and slightly increase, the world price. Nevertheless, both Italy and Japan have succeeded in selling textiles made of American cotton in competition with our own textiles, and even in invading the American domestic market.

Two final arguments of the hungry-nation advocates need brief mention. It is often pointed out that a nation possessing essential raw materials is assured of exports, and, consequently, of an unfailing inflow of foreign currencies. This is true, and during period of disturbance in world trade, this may be of temporary advantage. In normal times, however, the advantage is negligible.

It is also often argued that raw-material-producing colonies are of supreme value in times of war. This is extremely doubtful. If, for example, Mussolini should succeed in conquering Ethiopia, its raw materials would be of no use to him in war unless he controlled the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. However, if he did control them, he would be able to obtain Ethiopia's raw materials, no matter to whom she belonged. In short, the advantage of a raw-material-producing colony in wartime depends not on legal ownership, but on naval

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American Pacifism Seeks a Policy

THE EUROPEAN crisis has dramatically revealed two dominant characteristics in American opinion. The first is a passionate and overwhelming opposition to American involvement in another World War. This feeling is not mere passive apprehension; it amounts to an active disgust and a genuine determination to find safeguards against the possibility. So effective has been the debunking of the last conflict and America's role in it, so abundant the exposures of its imperialist roots, that only a handful of jingoes today dare to speak of repeating the performance. That this feeling exists, eager to be articulated, is, of course, one source of hope in an era of gloom and defeatism. The second factor, however, is profoundly discouraging. Confronted by their most serious and perilous test, anti-war forces in the United States have found themselves sharply divided over issues that obviously demand their united effort. In the midst of this perilous discord, the third congress of the American League Against War and Fascism, opening on January 3 in Cleveland, assumes new and perhaps decisive significance.

Certainly the League has represented the most realistic attempt thus far to coördinate American anti-war sentiment. Impeded by the factional strife in the labor and radical movement, its early progress was most widely reflected among middle-class organizations and individuals. The Socialists, embittered by Communist criticism, retaliated by denouncing Communist "utilization" of the League; conservative trade-union leaders were swift to echo that cry; even more progressive labor bodies were reluctant to enlist in an organization identified with Communist sponsorship. Thus, although the League now has a membership of more than two millions, its following in the crucial labor and farming areas has been limited. Lately, the door to such "united front" effort has been considerably widened, first by the intelligent shifts in Communist policy toward radical and trade-union leaders, second by the capable and honest direction furnished the League by such men as Dr. Harry F. Ward and, finally, by the terrifying onrush of the war peril.

This year's congress will not be considerably larger than last year's when 3,332 delegates attended; the Socialist Party has still refused to participate and, despite notable advances, it cannot yet be said that the League has been generally accepted by the unions. The attitude of these sections has, however, undergone a perceptible change. They are watching the Cleveland deliberations in the hope that they will provide an end to the present confusion. Their demeanor has become increasingly sympathetic and active opposition to the League has

To achieve real unanimity seems at first glance an almost superhuman task. There is, on the one hand, the indisputably powerful and indigenous movement that has rallied to the idea of strict and unflinching neutrality. Those who hold this view, and they are supported by influential sections of the press, advocate complete impartiality in the Italo-Ethiopian dispute and any similar one that may arise. They would press for rigid neutrality legislation, aloofness from any efforts of the League of Nations to "enforce peace," refusal to coöperate in any action against an aggressor nation. This position has an immense following and one which, its proponents argue, could be mobilized to ensure governmental adherence to it, whatever the foreign entanglements of financial groups.

The other dominant approach, most fully expressed by Communists but with varying degrees of support from other left-wing and progressive elements, regards "isolationism" as a vain hope without any bearing upon contemporary realities. This camp holds that a general European war inevitably means American participation and that, as a necessary corollary, American opinion and effort must now be directed toward preventing its outbreak. Specifically this implies government and independent labor action with the League states against the fascist aggressor in Ethiopia; it regards such a stand as a precedent for coöperation with the League of Nations against Japan or Germany in the event of an attack upon the Soviet Union; it holds that "neutrality" is an illusion and "peace is indivisible." Those who promulgate this doctrine are guided, of course, by the peace efforts of the Soviet Union.

Between these two sections of opinion there is a host of intermediary points of view. There are those who, while advocating repudiation of the League of Nations—lest it propel the United States into the conflict—favor independent labor action against the aggressor; there are those who acknowledge the primacy of the Soviet Union and would urge economic—but not military—action in its defense, carried on by labor without recourse to the League of Nations; there are those who acknowledge fundamental weaknesses in the "isolationist" analysis but believe that any other alternative offers even less hope of widespread support.

Can these positions—and each is held by a considerable section of the populace—be reconciled or subordinated to common action? If so, on what issues, with what objectives, through what procedures, can this joint endeavor be expressed? The congress of the American League will be anxiously watched by hundreds of thousands who have heretofore remained aloof, but now recognize the im-

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To the Lacedemonians

A Confederate on the night before the veterans' Reunion talks partly to himself, partly to imaginary comrades:

The people . . . people of my kind, my own
People but strange with a white light
In the face: and the streets hard with motion
And the hard eyes that look one way.
Listen! the high whining tone
Of the motors, I hear the dull commotion:
I am come, a child in an old play.

I am here with a secret in the night;
Because I am here the dead wear gray.

It is a privilege to be dead; for you
Cannot know what absence is nor seize
The odor of pure distance until
From you slowly dying in the head
All sights and sounds of the moment, all
The life of sweet intimacy shall fall
Like a swift at dusk.

Sheer time!

Stroke of the heart
Towards retirement. . . .

Gentlemen, my secret is
Damnation: where have they, the citizens, all
Come from? They were not born in my father's
House nor in their fathers': on a street-corner
By motion sired, not born; by rest dismayed.
The tempest will unwind—the hurricane
Consider, knowing its end, the headlong pace?
I have watched it and endured it, I have delayed
Judgment: it warn't in my time, by God, so
That the mere breed absorbed the generation!

Yet I, hollow head, maimed, do see but little;
Old man: no memory: aimless distinctions.

I was a boy, I never knew cessation
Of the bright course of blood along the vein;
Moved, an old dog by me, to field and stream
In the pellucid ease of the fall rain;
When I was a boy the light on the hills
Was there because I could see it, not because
Some special gift of God had put it there.
Men expect too much, do too little,
Put the contraption before the accomplishment,
Lack skill of the interior mind
To fashion dignity with shapes of air.

Luxury, yes—but not elegance!
Where have they come from?

Go you tell them
And haired (both foot and horse) or in
The grave, them obey . . . obey them,
What commands?

My father said
That everything but kin was less than kind.
The young men like swine argue for a rind,
A flimsy shell to put their weakness in;
Will-less, ruled by what they cannot see;
Hunched like savages in a rotten tree
They wait for the thunder to speak: Union!
That joins their separate fear.

I fought
But did not care; a leg, at Bethel, shot off;
Given up for dead; but knew neither shell-shock
Nor any self-indulgence. Well may war be
Terrible to those who have nothing to gain
For the illumination of the sense:

When the peace is a trade-route, figures
For the balance, reduction of population,
Life grown sullen and immense
Lusts after immunity to pain.

There is no civilization without death;
There is now the wind for breath.

Waken, lords and ladies gay, we cried,
And marched to Cedar Run and Malvern Hill,
Kinsmen and friends from Texas to the Tide—
Vain chivalry of the personal will!

Waken, we shouted, lords and ladies gay,
We go to win the precincts of the light,
Unshadowing restrictions of our day. . . .
Regard now, in the seventy years of night,

Them, the young men who watch us from the kerbs,
They hold the glaze of wonder in their stare—
Our crooked backs, hands fetid as old herbs,
The tallow eye, wax face—our foreign hair!

Soldiers, march! we shall not fight again
The Yankees with our guns well aimed and rammed—
All are born Yankees of the race of men
And this too, now, the country of the damned:

Poor bodies crowding round us! The white face
Eyeless with eyesight only, the modern power—
Huddled sublimities of time and space,
They are the echoes of a raging tower

That reared its moment upon a gone land,
Pouring a long cold wrath into the mind—
Damned souls, running the way of sand
Into the destination of the wind!

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The Klu Klux Goes Calling

MARCHING on the street last night—pulsing drums, inevitable parade of sheeted figures—through the drizzle. Drums could be heard a mile away as they left the traveled artery. Steady progression, the monotony of drumbeat diminuendo in the gullies, crescendo on the peaks, the drums filtering through density of pines in the quiet subdivision. Waves of horror coming through diminuendo and crescendo, knowing the tempo matched my heart beat, wondering to what lengths fanatical, ignorant pseudo-patriotic conscience might lead them. Approaching nearness. My mother snapping off the lights and turning on the flood lights around the house. Alarm—not for myself but for her heart weakness. Would the ordeal be too much? The booming procession circling the house at the radius of a block, circling, and then absorbed in the downpour. The encounter with primitives was again postponed.

That first encounter of a year ago. The boss—the high-school principal—sent for me to come to his office. I wondered. He said a committee of men were waiting inside, that it was best to see them, that it wasn't necessary to say a word. He would go with me to see the thing through.

They stood in a semicircle, leaving the focal point for the victim. I took my position in the gladiatorial ring, my boss loyal beside me. One glance placed them: poverty-stricken, ignorant, uneasy without masks and robes. Elaborate introductions. The city attorney of the city village of three hundred; the sloth with tobacco stains in mouth corners; the ne'er-do-well with heaviness of inherited breast chain; the scarecrow with clothes of sack; four others of shifty classification.

The spokesman became inquisitor.

"You are a public-school teacher, and you draw a big salary"—I thought of that hundred and fifty-two dollars a month. Still it might seem large according to their fifteen-dollar standards.—"And you are paid by the public, and this committee is part of that public, and . . ."

"And from where does this committee come?"

"And this committee is part of that public, and we think you are a teacher of communism. . . ."

"Does this committee come from the Ku Klux Klan that is trying a revival?"

A shiftiness of downcast eyes; no answer.

The boss broke the silence. "I have asked this young man to listen to you. I also told him he need not speak nor answer your questions. We are ready to listen."

"No. I shall be glad to talk, men. Go ahead. I have heard a great deal of you fellows, have seen you on parade; you are brave men; glad to see a set of you when you are not hiding your identity behind a mask and night shirt. You said that I was teaching communism. Go ahead with that."

"You told a class that every man in Russia had a job."

"Certainly." And I gave them the data. "Now compare that with yourselves. Five of you are without jobs." Their eyes bugged. My random guess was at least fairly accurate.

"Well you told a class that the Bible was assembled by men instead of God."

"Certainly. In a history of literature class. That is what makes the Bible such a great work, that men could be inspired to vote for the right books to put in the Bible. Perhaps that is one of the greatest proofs that God's inspiration is living and real."

The boss just couldn't keep from disseminating a little knowledge to the unwashed—he being somewhat of an authority on biblical history. He went into details, while I waited to see what would come next.

The men became discomfited. The spokesman realized they were being put in the light of ignorant blighters. Something must be done. The apex of vindictiveness, in this section, is the Negro. He rallied to his final thrust.

"You told a class of girls that you hoped to live to see the day when four of them would marry niggers."

The boss spoke up at once.

"Gentlemen, that last remark of your spokesman scotches anything you have to say. You know no white man would think such a thing, let alone say it in a classroom. I believe a jury would give damages for libel for saying such a thing about him."

There was great uneasiness among the Kluxers. The spokesman was deserted.

"Gentlemen, you have misunderstood me. I didn't say he made the remark. I only said that I had heard that he had said it."

Compensations became the order of the day, all summed up by the city attorney. He pointed his finger at me and said:

"Now, there stands a scholar. I spent two years at —— (the local Methodist university), and I know what he has said is fact. His is a *great* intelligence"—and now the Ku Klux to the fore—"but perhaps that is the most dangerous kind to have in a schoolroom."

After much handshaking they trooped out of the office. The air was pure and wholesome again.

But there is a sequel. The interminable strife within the ranks during the past year has now made that spokesman the leader of his group, and underground information tells me that he is after me again, and that they are going to get me. So the marching last night, the pulsing drums, the circling of the house. Two orders of procedure: obliging friends beat them to it, kidnap, tar and feather, beat, and leave me tied to a tree in the woods, and yell Klan, or pump some guts full of lead when the trial thing is attempted.

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Washington Notes

Pretty Mrs. Echols Wants Individual Bargaining—
Schechter Hero Challenges the N.L.R.B.
—Forecasting Court Decisions

AMONG the several hundred suits recently brought against administration measures, one of the oddest is that of Mrs. Lola Echols, an attractive young woman employed by the Gate City Cotton Mills of East Point, near Atlanta, Georgia. About ten days ago, Mrs. Echols sued in a lower court of the District of Columbia to prevent the National Labor Relations Board from holding an employees' election at her mill. In her petition, she said that an election would deprive her of her constitutional right to sell her labor as she pleased.

Mrs. Echols is a skilled operative, and fellow workers at the Gate City mill say that she earns as much as $15 a week. Still, constitutional lawsuits are a luxury, like collecting Rembrandts or keeping a yacht, and ordinarily beyond the resources of workers making $15 a week, or $780 a year, provided there are no idle periods. Furthermore, Mrs. Echols has as her lawyer Frederick H. Wood, who won the Schechter case before the Supreme Court last spring. Wood is a partner of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood, which has as clients, besides Mrs. Echols, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and a number of Class A railroads.

When a young women making, with luck, $780 a year undertakes to bring injunction proceedings and hires a lawyer like Wood, you might suppose that she was driven by the direst apprehension. In point of fact, if an election should be held at the Gate City mill, and later a closed-shop agreement reached between the management and the United Textile Workers, there is no likelihood that Mrs. Echols would be disadvantaged. If the rates fixed by the union displeased her, she could still try to sell her labor for more. The only thing that she could not do would be to work for less than the union scale.

On its face, Mrs. Echols' suit would seem to have points of resemblance to the one brought two months ago by the Baltimore dentist, Dr. Lautenbach, to prevent the American States Public Service Corporation from complying with the holding-company law. Dr. Lautenbach hired an even more imposing lawyer, John W. Davis, once candidate for President. He admitted that he did not know Davis, did not expect to pay his fee, had only a vague idea of the injury the holding-company act might cause his American States bonds, and hadn't thought of contesting its constitutionality until utility agents asked him to act as a complainant.

Mrs. Echols' suit is only one of a number of injunction proceedings by which employers are trying to nullify the National Labor Relations Act in the same way that the utilities have already nullified the holding-company act. The drive against the National Labor Relations Act, however, is the more vicious. The injunction suits of the utilities, at most, can have only a temporary effect. But the attack on the National Labor Relations Act is likely to

By law, the N.L.R.B. is given an unrestricted right to order employee elections. If the workers choose an independent union, and if later the employer refuses to bargain with the union's officers, the N.L.R.B. is supposed to cite the employer before the nearest federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Then—and then only—the employer is given an opportunity to contest the N.L.R.B.'s powers. Ideally, this procedure should help diminish the tremendous handicap under which workers suffer in industrial conflicts. It should permit workers to vote on the question of joining a union under impartial auspices, with a minimum of intimidation from the management.

The injunction suits now being brought, however, completely destroy this function of the N.L.R.B. In Mrs. Echols' suit, Judge Jesse C. Adkins—the same judge who recently declared the Guffey coal act unconstitutional—decided that her rights were in no imminent danger. Nevertheless he permitted a postponement of the election at the Gate City mill until an appeal could be taken to the next higher court. Last week, in a similar case, Judge Merrill E. Otis in Kansas City decided against the National Labor Relations Act without qualification. Labor officials here anticipate continued hostile decisions from the lower courts. As a result, many of them believe that workers will cease to appeal to the N.L.R.B. to supervise elections, and that, by the time the National Labor Relations Act finally comes before the Supreme Court—which cannot be until next March or April under normal procedure—they will have ceased to be interested in its fate.

Six months ago, it seemed likely that the Supreme Court and the Constitution would be the main issue of the 1936 campaign. Today many observers think that the Supreme Court can declare most of the New Deal measures before it unconstitutional, and that the administration will not fight back. If the Court declares against the A.A.A. it is expected to do so on narrow grounds, so that a new law can at once be written to meet the Court's objections. Probably this will mean chiefly a fixed processing tax, instead of one that varies with the prices of agricultural commodities. There will be no administration grief if the Bankhead law is declared invalid. If the holding-company act is destroyed, there will be strong pressure within the Democratic Party to force Mr. Roosevelt to agree on a compromise under which the holding companies would be permitted to live, but under more adequate regulation. Should such a compromise be arranged, it is possible that it would include a curtailment of the present wide powers of the T.V.A. to distribute electricity.

The most important remaining measures on which the Supreme Court will decide are the Guffey coal act and the National Labor Relations Act. If the Guffey act is called unconstitutional, some observers think that John L. Lewis, rather than attempting to push Mr. Roosevelt into a general attack on the Court, will strike out for nationalization of the coal industry, a measure that the United Mine Workers have been considering for some time. From a long-range standpoint, the most significant issue of all on which to fight the Supreme Court would perhaps be the National Labor Relations Act, but loyalty to it on the part of organized labor seems to be slowly fading

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Other People's Money

Contradictory Recommendations of the S.E.C.—Are Brokers and Traders to Be Separated?—Let the S.E.C. Protect the Public

THE New York Herald Tribune published recently a report of various recommendations about brokerage activities on registered stock exchanges. The report seems to have been something of a beat, and because it was quite sketchy, leaves something to be desired.

Two divisions of the S.E.C. have been making separate studies of various exchange activities. Among these studies have been the over-the-counter market, the segregation of the functions of brokers, the study of the specialist and of unlisted departments.

According to The Herald Tribune, the economists' division has recommended separation of the functions of broker and dealer and also a drive to force the listing of all securities on established exchanges—a virtual abolition of the over-the-counter market. The trading division seems to favor continuing the dual function of specialist and trader. Another recommendation is a ban on over-the-counter houses acting as both brokers and dealers.

In these recommendations are distinct contradictions. For instance, the proposal to separate the function of broker and dealer in the case of ordinary brokers is completely at variance with the proposal to permit specialists—who are essentially brokers—to act as traders for themselves. The contradiction arises from the fact that the first recommendation originates with the economists, while the second comes from Mr. David Saperstein, attorney, head of the trading division.

So far as I am concerned, there is really nothing to be argued about the question of separation of the functions of broker and trader. It is a very simple question. It gets down to a question of fundamental honesty and integrity in dealing. I lay it down as a truism that no man whose primary function is a fiduciary one—that of an agent—should be permitted to enter the market in which he appears as an agent for others and to trade in that market for himself. If any man wants to controvert that position, I am arguing with him. If that proposition is not sound, then any attempt to introduce simple decency into business relations is utterly impossible. We are face to face here with a fundamental concept of commercial civilization. Deny it and the argument simply cannot proceed unless we are prepared to start all over setting up some new ethical norms.

If this is true in the case of the broker and dealer, it is infinitely more so in the case of the specialist acting both as broker and trader. Of course it is possible to invent a lot of rationalizations on this point. But after all the evidence of abuses, all the shameful operations of specialists well known to everybody on the exchange and privately admitted though publicly ignored, the man who attempts to defend the union of the functions of specialist and trader is precisely in the position of the man who would defend a lawyer representing both sides in a law suit. If these things are right then the fiduciary relationship which means so much to the permanence of capitalist society has no meaning.

I have frequently been told that there is no popular demand for a change in all this; that no one seems interested in presenting this point of view to the Commission. That is the sheerest sophistry of men trying to evade a plain duty. What does the public know of such things? Of course no one is bothering his head about it. That is what the S.E.C. is for—to protect the public in a field which is so technical that the public knows little of it. The S.E.C. would do well to get rid of the notion that it is a judicial body to sit in impartial judgment between the public and the brokers. The S.E.C. is set up as an agency to take the lead in protecting the public.

Maybe there is too much Wall Street in the personnel of the Commission. Maybe there are too many gentlemen there whose simple ethical sense has been dulled by too long association with, and even profiting from, the very abuses they are now called upon to examine. I have been urged to go down to Washington and present my views on this broker, dealer, specialist business. Why should I do this? I have a living to make. I have devoted endless days and weeks and months attempting to make clear the abuses that afflict Wall Street and the Exchange. I am not endowed. I have no means or funds to carry on this sort of battle. The government of the United States has set up the S.E.C. to do this. It has provided it with funds to hire the proper men. It has used those funds to fill its departments with ex-Wall Street men, many of whom, I am sure, will be back in Wall Street at their old stands when business picks up.

The S.E.C. should remember that it is the defender of the public, not the guide, philosopher and friend of the exchanges and brokers. If the Commission is going to take the responsibility of declaring that it approves a practice in which men are permitted to engage in highly profitable speculative operations while they are acting in the fiduciary relationship of agents and in the very field where they act as agents, then the Commission may do so to its everlasting disgrace. History will write its verdict upon a commission which does that. If the Commission hasn't got the courage to deal with this problem, then it would be far better for it to duck the responsibility than to put itself on the side of so vicious a doctrine.

There is one point in the recommendations of the experts which I think might well be approached gingerly—that is, the proposal that all stocks be forced onto exchanges. This is based upon what I think is a premature and immature judgment on the over-the-counter markets. If that problem has been fully studied yet, I have not heard of it. I think, for instance, it would be a grave mistake to force bank stocks onto registered listed exchanges. That there are grave abuses in the over-the-counter markets, there can be no doubt. But an over-the-counter market is nothing more or less than a market such as we have in every other form of merchandising. That investors pay a heavier commission to dealers than on exchanges there can be no doubt. But I think students of this subject would do well to stop worrying about the commissions the investor pa-

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Take a Fireside Classic

THE MOVIE version of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" is a bore, notable for its mob scenes and for the attention it will receive, and it illustrates a movie tendency that is getting to be almost a fixed course of procedure, especially on the Metro lot. Take a fireside classic (take a mental age from one to ten), find out how many well known names will be available to set forth the quaint characters; and then while some director with a famous touch is mismaking the first sequences, let the publicity department busy itself with rumors about the well known names, the famous touch, the expense, the expanse, the difficulty, the elaborate care. Spend a million, make it a million and a quarter in round numbers, what the hell. The more bread cast on the waters the better; the gravy will come back.

But a picture like this needs a little more than the expenses, names, etc. It needs some kind of sentiment and continuity, and both of these in "A Tale of Two Cities" are strong enough. The Defarge wine shop, the Evrémondes and the Manette household are cued in at the start and quickly followed by the trial scene at the Old Bailey, thus introducing the Crunchers, Carton and Stryver, and leaving the forces of melodrama and proper sentiment free to go their joint way, with everybody saving everybody else and Carton saving all by means of a far, far better thing, etc.

The best of Dickens is pretty well lost here. The Crunchers are more prominent and infinitely better in the book; the same for the Old Bailey action, the Defarges and their Jacquerie. But the worst of Dickens—the bathos, smug morality and provincial missionary spirit—is not only retained but made the bulk of the film. Even the best part of it, where mobs of people fill the streets and pour along in natural turbulence toward the Bastille, where they converge in one tatterdemalion army, attack and retreat, line the passage of the tumbrils, surround the guillotine, etc.—even these fine things are somewhat canceled by a quite determined playing down of the French Revolution, which is resolved by the special help of printed titles into lawlessness, injustice, unkempt frenzy and little else.

The movies could make a good film out of "A Tale of Two Cities," but they could not make it as one of the fireside-classic cycle, and they could not use this staff, which has put together a fairly good example of how not to make a show with cameras.

Like all instruments that are easy to play with, such as the marimba or tenor saxophone, the cameras in a motion picture must be handled with severe restraint, their strips of impressions delicately timed and fitted together. Here, when the effect of something is to be shown on somebody, he is cut in with a thud and then cut out. This goes on with steady uninventiveness; and the unfortunate part of it is that almost every time this happens, there is Donald Woods, there is Elizabeth Allan, there is Claude Gillingwater, or Henry B. Walthall, or Edna May Oliver, or Blanche Yurka, or Tully Marshall—or else there is one from among the most hollow and posey set of extras that the Central Casting Bureau ever rounded up. I never

the film is put together: a three-foot clip (one, pause, two) if the character is just to look; a five-foot clip (one, pause, two, pause, three) if he is to speak a line (if Miss Allan or Mr. Woods is to emote a Dickens emotion, though, either of them will burn up half a reel). The camera comes to them one after the other, and they throw out most of the lines in the picture as though they were hollering up an empty steam boiler, to try out the echo.

Even if it had everything else, this production would still need picture-making imagination. In the assassination sequence, for example, the director starts with Evrémonde going to bed and marches step by step through having the Marquis fancy seeing a face at the window, the valet go to the window, the camera go outside the window, showing first the valet looking out, then the assassin flattening back against the inner balcony. Then back to the room—nothing there, my lord—the lights put out, all leaving; and then immediately to the window, the man coming in, creeping over, planting the message (close-up of the message) stabbing, mugging, creeping off. You have been allowed to see everything except the spout of blood; but in another sense, the dramatic sense, you have not been made to see anything.

More simplicity would come nearer to giving terrorism some slight aspect of terror. For instance, let the camera remain inside as the valet goes to the high, closed window, turning to follow him and showing it dark and empty, following him back. The master shrugs and settles under the covers; the attendants snuff the candles and tiptoe out. And the camera swings back to the window, staying for emphasis just a little too long on the window, still dark and empty, the scene fading slowly on that with the wind coming up outside. If there is any further build-up necessary it may be made here, where there is need for a time-break anyway, by showing, say, the effect in the servants' quarters of the master's hallucination—or was it?—of the way the wind is yelling outside, of the sullen resentment of the people. After some such break, you can go back to the same camera position and the same window, now broken wide open, its curtains streaming in the morning wind. A servant comes in, rushes to the window, turns; the camera follows him to the bed and trucks up to the Marquis, still quiet under the fine covers, the message from Jacques nailed in his side. Some such simple method of suggestion would at least not belie violence by plodding through it with painful literalness and no conviction at all.

Ronald Colman, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone and the trial judge stand out from this stupendous assemblage as being both true to themselves and believable as someone else. But they and the other sparse good things in the picture are not enough to save it from the burning. If you are interested in movies, you can forgive a fairly bad one for its several good points, or a thoroughly bad one for its lesson in what a blessing mere competence is after all. But any film doing so little so poorly, running into seven figures on the cost sheet and assured of getting several more figures back, appealing to the worst popular taste and that with certain naïve overtones of propagating the classics and the splendor of art—such a film is a public waste and a stultifying influence on the industry, and deserves about as much tolerance as you would give to a reversal of the sewage and

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A COMMUNICATION

Art, Meet Economics!

SIR: Art and economics have seldom been on good terms. Down through the centuries they seem to have been trying to get along together, and forever failing. Indeed, the history of art is so largely a history of this failure that "the starving artist" has become a by-word, and it is popularly doubted whether art can be produced on anything but an empty stomach. Artists themselves, however, have never been prone to share this doubt. They realize with alacrity (and usually stop there) that some kind of truce with economics is essential to their very existence, that no art can flourish long which rests on an unsound economic base.

It is not widely enough known that the Ecole de Paris evolved for itself an economics of the most practical and hard-headed sort. This is worth examining, not as a possible model for an American base, but as an example of economic realism. For realistic the arrangement was, and very French. The artist signed a contract with an art dealer whereby the latter agreed to buy the artist's output on the basis of the size of his canvases. Naturally, such contracts were captured only by outstanding artists. They called for a given production—so many canvases per week or per month. For a small canvas the dealer agreed to pay so much, for one twice the size double the amount, and so on. It was art by area—*"par numero."* The prices paid by the dealer were often appallingly low, his profits sometimes outrageously high. The affair was full of bumps, but roughly it worked.

It worked because it was sound. It recognized the artist for what he is—a producer, not a salesman. It demanded from him, and obtained, capacity production. It gave him the unspeakable encouragement of being wanted, and the consequent incentive constantly to better his work. Most important of all, it interfered not in the slightest with his choice of subject or his method of expression; his freedom as artist it preserved intact. The dealer, on the other hand, through actual ownership of the artist's product, became not merely his exhibitor and sponsor, not merely even his agent and representative, but a merchant as vitally concerned with the sale of his goods as any other merchant. For the goods were his, and the responsibility for their marketing. To be sure, he bought low and sold high, if he could, but dispose of his wares he must and did—to the vast advantage of artist, himself, client and art.

Art and economics in America have yet to strike their bargain. If an indigenous American art is late in making its appearance among us, may it not be because a democratic economic base for art has not yet been established? Art in America still rests on the economics of exclusiveness and snobbery, hokum and high prices, preciousness and restricted production, taken over bodily from a bygone Europe and its tradition of the patron. Even such a modest degree of democracy as marked the economics of the Ecole de Paris has yet to be achieved here. When American artists bring themselves to forget about Lorenzo di Medici, and turn their attention to Lorenzo di Main Street, they will b[illegible] and, in so doing, toward capturing for this land the art leadership of the world.

The new talent revealed by the various government art projects is proof conclusive of the existence among us of a vast reservoir of contemporary art of very high order. Few people outside of immediate art circles are aware of the astounding resurgence of art production that has been gaining momentum throughout the country, especially during the past decade. It seems undoubtedly true that the flow of art at this moment, in terms both of quality and quantity, is at a higher level than at any other period in our entire history. There could be no better time to lay plans for that wider economic base for art, without which an unconsumed surplus will soon commence to rot on our hands, and kill the impulse that produced it and future production as well.

Those plans will certainly prove inadequate if they contemplate nothing more than a sharp reduction in price. They must be comprehensive and coördinated, and as thoroughly American as the Paris plan was French. When the depression overwhelmed our artists, it laid low the most defenseless group in the land. The first indispensable step, it would seem, in meeting the future, should be the formation of a nationwide organization of artists, far more inclusive and far different in nature and purpose than any art body now extant. Instead of being a group banded together ostensibly to support a movement or a school of painting, it would be candidly an organization for defense, an organization, self-ruled and indeed ruled, to meet the economic challenge of the times. It would recognize the fact that by and large American art is as vastly overpriced as it is underconsumed and underproduced. And it would proceed realistically to correlate these three factors.

It is possible that a procedure so delicate and novel would require the effort of an executive committee of extraordinary power, or more probably even of a Judge Landis of art. Are artists capable of self-discipline of such severity? To achieve such correlation would be indeed to put into effect a New Deal in art. The machinery set up for the administration of the Federal Art Project might be retained permanently as the guide for determining policy, and the means of maintaining national status.

A number of leaves might well be taken from the French plan. The organization would recognize the artist as a producer and relieve him completely of the responsibilities of the salesman. It would realize that drastic reduction in price must go hand in hand, not only with capacity production, but also, and for the first time in American art history, with nationwide and continuous sales-exhibition of the artist's product. To effect such exhibition, to reach continuously Lorenzo di Main Street, would speedily demand the opening of a series of permanent galleries in every art center in the country. This would require funds, but the funds would be available if the dam of high price and snobbery, which has stopped the flow of art in the past, were broken down. For Lorenzo will buy, and buy by the thousand, if a fraction of the salesmanship now devoted to selling him electric refrigerators and automobiles is in the future devoted to selling him art. "An original work of art in every home"—let that be the slogan and goal of "A [illegible]"

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Subjective Object and Vice Versa

SIR: Thanks very much for sending me Louis Hacker's review of me and my book [p. 260]. I will not take advantage of your offer of space for a "reply" to his remarks. Since Mr. Hacker has done me the signal honor of selecting me as a "case," an objective item in social history well worth examination, it would be out of place for me to reply. "No method," says Max Planck, "that transforms an object is suitable for examining it." How unsuitable then would I be as an object for methodical examination if, like the electron when exposed to light, I should be suddenly and uncertainly perturbed by the examination. My part, obviously, is to look natural when posed as an object interesting to science, to remain indifferent and undeflected so long as there is any call for my services as a datum in sociology. Mr. Hacker has discussed my "case" with frankness and ability; if there is to be further discussion it must be by an observer who regards the phenomenon as sufficiently important to merit further exploration. The datum can contribute to the advancement of learning only by remaining quiescent.

Besides, Mr. Hacker has said so many nice things about my writing that it would be ungenerous for me to question his right (as a critic of my book) to be distressed because I have chosen to write about the things that interest me rather than about the things that interest him, or his right to deplore the fact that my "fine and independent mind" has not been sufficiently fine and independent to subscribe to the Marxian philosophy of history.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. CARL BECKER.

The Consumers' Research Strike

SIR: In a document being privately circulated by Consumers' Research—that is, sent to those subscribers who wrote letters asking for more information about the strike—there appears the following:

> From previous experience we know that it is useless to expect The New Republic to find the necessary space for the presentation of CR's case against The New Republic's version of the strike issues, or even of a fairly stated digest thereof.

Since I have been subscribing to your magazine for about four years I should like to know whether you have been guilty of furnishing your readers with a one-sided presentation, without allowing chance for rebuttal. Therefore, I should appreciate an answer to the following questions:

1. Have the officers of CR ever sent you, for publication, a letter or an article presenting their side of the case? If so, why was not the letter published?

2. What efforts have you made to obtain CR's side of the case?

New York City. WILLIAM W. WATTENBERG.

[1. No letter or article has been received by The New Republic from the officers of Consumers' Research, stating their side of the case for publication.

2. Before The New Republic printed its first brief word about the strike, a telegram was sent to Mr. Schlink asking for a 300-word statement, and he replied that he was too busy to supply it. Subsequently we have carefully read every CR strike document we could obtain.

The memorandum to which our correspondent refers was, after its circulation to subscribers, enclosed in a letter from Mr. Schlink to one of the editors of The New Republic. This, as well as the other CR material, has been checked over to discover whether any substantial injustice has been done to the position of CR in our editorials. Our judgment is that we have fairly reported all its main contentions. Naturally we have not sufficient space to print such long and detailed arguments as have been issued by both 100 percent. The fact remains, however, that CR refuses, and has refused ever since the strike began, all arbitration or mediation. It is content with impugning the good faith of all those who criticize it adversely in this controversy—including the special investigating committee composed of the Reverend Mr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Roger Baldwin, Norman Thomas, Professor George C. Counts, and others of similar reputation for fairness and independent judgment.—THE EDITORS.]

Treating Corporations as Individuals

SIR: Is one of our great corporations, Associated Gas say, an American citizen? He is, according to the courts, a person, with all the rights of a natural person, with various additional rights and privileges—immunity from arrest and from capital punishment, for example. Is it advisable to allow such persons to influence our elections and legislation, especially when they proclaim that they will not coöperate with the United States government for the good of the country?

W. C. ROSE.

Ashland, Mass.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Corliss Lamont, national chairman of the Friends of the Soviet Union, sends a vigorous protest against the campaign of misrepresentation in the Hearst newspapers accusing the Friends of the Soviet Union of conniving in a Communist "plot" to start a revolution in the United States. Aside from the absurdity of the existence of any such "plot," Mr. Lamont says categorically that "the Friends of the Soviet Union is not a Communist organization, it does not advocate any economic or social program for America, but merely carries on educational work regarding the Soviet Union. Its sole function is to spread the truth about the Soviet Union, to refute misstatements concerning that country, and to foster friendship and understanding between the people of the U.S.A. and of the U.S.S.R."

Arthur Kallet sends a plea on behalf of the Consumers' Research Strike Aid Committee, which is carrying on a campaign to find jobs for the Consumers' Research strikers. Members of this group represent the highest type of technical, professional and office workers, and public-minded citizens, liberals and friends of organized labor are urged to aid in getting them placed in positions in which their talents may be properly utilized.

Norman Thomas, as chairman of the Committee for the Defense of Civil Rights in Tampa, with headquarters at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, asks readers of The New Republic to send letters and telegrams protesting against the recent fatal beating of labor leaders in Tampa to Governor Dave Sholtz at Tallahassee, Florida and to Mayor R. E. L. Chancey at Tampa.

Three interesting pamphlets arrived in our recent mail. The California Conference for the Repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act, from its headquarters at 68 Haight Street, San Francisco, sends a pamphlet prepared by the International Labor Defense giving a full account of the Sacramento trials last spring and the plight of the workers who were sent to prison. The pamphlet sells for five cents. . . . The Teachers' Union, with headquarters at 72 Fifth Avenue in New York City, sends a pamphlet giving the complete history of the case of Mrs. Henrietta Porteous, a teacher who was demoted and deprived of credits allegedly because of union activities. . . . The International Committee for Political Prisoners, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sends a pamphlet describing the cruelties and injustice of the little-known fascist dictatorship in Portugal. General Antonio Carmona seized power in that country in 1926 and has maintained his power since that time by many harsh and oppressive measures. The

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Preface to Medium

Winterset, by Maxwell Anderson. Washington, D. C.: Anderson House. 143 pages. $2.50.

MR. MAXWELL ANDERSON in "Winterset" fights one of the chief causes that the American theatre needs to fight for. The increasing audiences for the play are, therefore, a matter for great encouragement. I have already said, in a previous review, that "Winterset" is not only the most important play of this season so far; it is, also, the most notable effort in the poetic-dramatic medium that, up to now, we have had in the American theatre.

In the introduction Mr. Anderson sets forth some of his points of view and purposes in the choice of the poetic medium for this drama. "I have," he says, "a strong and chronic hope that the theatre of this country will outgrow the phase of journalistic social comment and reach occasionally into the upper air of poetic tragedy. I believe with Goethe that dramatic poetry is man's greatest achievement on this earth so far, and I believe with the early Bernard Shaw that the theatre is essentially a cathedral of the spirit, devoted to the exaltation of men. . . ." The best prose in the world, he says, is inferior on the stage to the best poetry. Though it is the fashion to say that poetry is a matter of content and emotion, not of form, this argument is said in an age of prose by prose writers who have not studied the effect of form on content. The majority of present-day playgoers have never seen any other kind of play except that in which the method rests on realism. From this has proceeded the cult of understatement, hence the realistic drama in which the climax is reached in an eloquent gesture or a moment of meaningful silence. This feeling is so emphatic that one is doubtful of being able to explain to this majority that verse was once the accepted convention on the stage, as prose is now. It is not easy to explain to them that prose fought its way into the playbooks with difficulty at the beginning of the scientific era in which we live and will hold its place there only so long as men make a religion of fact and believe that information, conveyed in statistical language, can make them free.

The poet-dramatist in this case is certain that our existing condition in the theatre, for all its illusion of permanence, will change. An age of reason will be followed once more, as has happened in the past, by an age of faith in things unseen. "What faith men will then have, when they have lost their certainty of salvation through laboratory work, I don't know, having myself only a faith that men will have a faith." He believes that many in the theatre audiences have anticipated his conclusions by one of those intuitional short-cuts that confound the devotees of pure reason, and that they are not only ready but impatient for plays that will undertake again the consideration of man's place and destiny in prophetic rather than prosaic terms. He believes that the theatre, more than any other art, "has the power to weld and determine what the race dreams into what the race will become." All of which, as he says, may sound rather far-fetched laugh at it unconscionably, but Broadway is itself as transient as the real-estate values under its feet. Those who fail to outlive the street in which they work will fail because they have accepted its valuations and measured their product by these valuations.

Reading "Winterset" after seeing it so well acted on the stage—especially by Mr. Richard Bennett and Mr. Burgess Meredith—not to speak of the two superlative settings, is an experience. Certainly the second act, with all its conflicting motifs and vibrations, excellent in the printed form just as they were on the stage, is one of the best acts in the range of modern English drama. In the printed play it is also interesting to see that the dramatist was not able quite to slow down the last act to the lyric interlude he wanted it to be. Obviously, the melodrama—an honorable form, or quality, in drama, certainly—hung, as it had to do, on the tensity of waiting for a death. If, here, we had instead a short scene, the problem of the poetic medium would not have been noticed. A long scene here, to be successful, must have a complete fusion of the dramatic content and the poetic form employed to contain and convey it. The dramatist's purpose in this part of the play was to complete the psychology of his young hero; and so a double danger appeared—one danger in the duration of the analysis, and proceeding from that, another in the poetic medium itself. In these passages a good deal of the poetic medium is not *per se* wholly successful. It needs condensation at times, and in the metrical form there is at times a soft tendency, not unfamiliar to readers of English poetry thirty years ago, a kind of fluting along. Severe tests applied to these passages as spoken in rehearsals might have helped.

Even in the light of the less successful passages, however, Mr. Anderson appears plausible enough in his contention that verse has value for the theatre in that it is almost always written under more emotional stress than prose. The writing of verse generates more emotion in the writer, and this heightening is likely to come over to the audience—a point which may be true even though it be often evident in verse passages that are forced and, as poetry, bad. The difference, however, between poetry in general and poetry that is strictly intended for the stage, is something to be thought about, and that Mr. Anderson does not discuss. For example, there are many passages in Seneca's drama that are obviously intended to accomplish, in the closet and without benefit of stage production, a dramatic result similar to what these passages, in a less intensified and decorated expression, would have given when performed on the stage. The descendants of these Senecan excitations are plentiful enough among the Elizabethans, who both wrote and acted them out. We may, finally, consider the general relation of poetry to its being spoken. This brings us back again to the theatre. Mr. T. S. Eliot's conviction is that the ideal medium for poetry is the theatre—"for the simplest auditors there is the plot, for the more thoughtful the character and conflict of character, for the more literary the words and phrasing, for the more musically sensitive the rhythm, and for the auditors of greater sensitiveness and understanding a meaning which reveals itself gradually."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Poem for Amy Lowell[1]

ONE DAY when Amy Lowell was sixteen, a Boston schoolgirl—"ugly, fat, conspicuous, & dull," she told her diary—

"Oh Lord please let it be all right, & let Paul love me, & don't let me be a fool"—

One day in her father's library she found "Imagination and Fancy"

(a book by Leigh Hunt, subtitled *Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those first requisites of their art; with markings of the best passages, critical notices of the writers, and an essay in answer to the question "What Is Poetry?"*)

She read it, she devoured it, she seized upon the poets quoted: Shelley, Coleridge, Beaumont and Fletcher, Keats; Keats most of all.

Then in her busy school days and again in her young womanhood, jilted, ill, despondent, she forgot herself in Keats.

All her life she was in love with John Keats, she was the sweetheart, the disciple, the wife, the adoring aunt, the invalid mother of John Keats,

who was not an atheist like the man Shelley, author of books that were forbidden to enter her father's library,

who was not a rebel or a rake,

but was instead a personable young man, loyal to his family, capable in his two professions of surgery and rhyming.

He was someone you could ask for dinner and be sure that your sheepdogs wouldn't attack him, as they did the hunchback Randolph Bourne and the disreputably dressed Maxwell Bodenheim.

He was pure, too, "the only English poet I can think of who was quite without moral preoccupation of any sort, and yet who never fell into licentiousness." He was the bridge between Brookline and Parnassus, between the Boston Athenæum and eternal Pan.

For his dear sake she befriended and scolded dozens of young poets, most of them neither grateful nor talented;

for his dear sake she assembled manuscripts and letters, the world's largest collection of Keatsiana;

for his dear sake she wrote a memorial biography, working night after night to decipher the almost illegible notes he left on the margins of his books, and rupturing the blood vessels in her eyes from too much study.

Three months after publishing her two-volume life of Keats she had a fatal stroke.

She died from overwork, she died for the love of John Keats.

Reading Foster Damon's record of her fifty-one years,

a book somewhat too reverent for my tastes, but studious and fair and candid,

I remembered how we used to go to Sevenels for dinner, Foster and I and sometimes Roy Snow,

taking the blue Chestnut Hill car, getting off at Heath Street, just past the old reservoir, and walking up a long snowy driveway to the house that for me was always shrouded in night.

I remembered the warmth inside, the reading of manuscripts, the good laughter, the light-brown Manila cigars dressed in tight robes of tinfoil and petticoats of tissue paper.

I remembered Miss Lowell polishing her glasses, Miss Lowell demolishing her enemies.

I remembered the Poetry Renaissance and the great war between the new poets and the old, the passionate Vers Libristes and the pallid Sonneteers, the battle between the frogs and the mice.

It is all set down here, every move in the campaign.

Miss Lowell was the commanding general of the new poets.

It was a post that nobody asked her to take and nobody wanted to take away from her.

They said, All right, let Amy do it.

Amy could bring together an audience by her grotesque reputation and hold it by her good sense;

Amy could read pretty good poems as if they were masterworks;

Amy could expound, elucidate, make everything sound reasonable, make herself heard.

"She has everything but genius," one poet said of her.

She had genius too, but genius for organizing, genius for human relations, genius for command.

She wrote to Donald Evans, "Being a soldier, I should wish to be a general; being a cook, nothing but the chefdom would satisfy me."

She wrote to the editor of The New York Tribune, "I am as bad as Napoleon, I believe in my star."

Every new book of hers was a campaign planned with Napoleonic strategy, and every campaign was successful.

She was sure that she could conquer England, too, if only she could get there.

Never did poet more deliberately plan

to scale Parnassus, seize the Castalian fountain, blockade the Corcyrean nymphs in their cavern and snatch the laurel wreath from Apollo's hand.

Miss Lowell besieged the mountain of the Muses

with every available weapon: talent, wealth, family, shrewdness and charm, and flattery, and tears.

She buttered and bullied the editors, she had the reviewers round to dinner.

She told her publishers, "You advertise so much in The Times that you ought to force them into a somewhat less hostile attitude toward one of your authors."

She told her audience after reading a poem, "Well?—Clap or hiss, I don't care which; but do something!"

The audience laughed and applauded her, the editors printed her, the reviewers wrote very long reviews.

The new poetry was heard everywhere, and Miss Lowell's books sold seven thousand copies each.

The encyclopedias tell us that Parnassus—*a mountain (8,070 ft. high) of Phocis, anct. Greece*—

Parnassus has two peaks,

only one of which is haunted by Apollo and Dionysus and the Muses.

The other peak is sacred to the false gods of literature, the puffers, the prize-winners, the professors, who gather

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They are bigger than the true gods, they are more imposing in their boiled shirts and academic robes, they have splendid funerals.

When they die, they die.

Miss Lowell was too warm and real, she did not belong with the false gods, but she was climbing in a great hurry.

It is so hard never to lose one's way.

It is so hard to be a true poet when one is a Lowell of the eleventh generation, the daughter of a big cotton manufacturer, the sister of Percival the astronomer and Abbott Lawrence the president of Harvard.

Poets exult and lament, but the Lowells keep their troubles to themselves.

It is hard also to write true poems when one is rich, blanketed with four-percent debentures and rocked to sleep in a cradle of sound common stocks.

Not many sounds of human misery or passion can pierce the walls thickly insulated with tax-exempt government bonds.

One has to find other subjects . . . for example, Chinese legends in which "I cannot feel with you," Miss Lowell said, "that the action has human significance";

for example, Yankee monodramas, rubbed and polished like old Yankee kitchen furniture in an antique shop on Beacon Hill;

for example, laments over the lost soul of Lady Emma Hamilton (1761-1815);

for example, Japanese lacquer prints, of which D. H. Lawrence wrote, "*Don't* do Japanese things, Amy, if you love us. . . . It isn't you at *all,* it has nothing to do with you, and it is not real."

And again he wrote: "If it doesn't come out of your own heart, real Amy Lowell, it is no good, however many colors it may have. I wish one saw more of your genuine strong, sound self in this book, full of common sense & kindness and the restrained, almost bitter, Puritan passion. . . . How much nicer, finer, bigger you are, intrinsically, than your poetry is."

Of the real Amy Lowell there is not much left in her poems—

in "Lilacs," yes, and "Patterns," and "Rode the Six Hundred,"

but little of her in the others, no flesh or blood,

not even the dried bones of her among the Chinese porcelain figures, the Mexican jade figures, the Italian eighteenth-century ivory figures pulled with string.

There is more of her in Foster Damon's book—

of the stout little moon-enamored girl in love with Paul H—— and John Keats;

of the debutante jilted, starving herself and breaking her health in the effort to be not-ugly;

of the motherly woman who loved her nephew Jim Roosevelt, and her friend Ada Russell, and Mrs. Russell's grandchildren—

Keats, and her garden, and Winky her cat,
and mourned to her flowers, only to her flowers,
when death, her own death, came with even stride;

Amy Lowell, the life-greedy, the laughter greedy,
terror of editors, imp of the drawing room,
"full of common sense & kindness and the restrained, almost bitter, Puritan passion,"
full of little-girl humbleness and Brahmin pride—
here in this book she speaks to us from the tomb,

A Good One

Free-for-All, by Evan Shipman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 318 pages. $2.50.

IT DOESN'T happen too often, the arrival of a book like this, by a young American writer—a book that makes an older American writer's heart jump with joy. Evan Shipman, in coming into writing, hasn't stayed in New York's Greenwich Village or about Union Square, taking up the current fad of romanticizing the proletariat. He cut out into the back country and found there something pretty swell and real going on, mostly among the unromanticized proletariat. In the midst of industrialized towns, the machine, the rivers of automobiles in the streets of the towns, he found man and the horse.

Not the running horses, mind you—that world of big gamblers and wealthy owners, with little wizened lads, half dwarfs, starved down to their ninety pounds, taking the danger and the real excitement

. . . not that such horses as Sun Briar, Man o' War and Omaha aren't beautiful enough

. . . the man end of that racket is not so good. . . .

Shipman found something else—the trotters and pacers—the glory of that, still going on at state fairs in farming states, in county-seat towns, in the vast American hinterland. It is, in its own way, poetry out of a people.

Time was—it's not so long ago—when it was in every town, this poetry. There was a country doctor, merchant, saloon keeper, often a farmer and sometimes even a preacher, who simply had to have at least one or two good ones. We never did get a fair break from our writers on some of the sweeter sides of our American life. President Roosevelt's father owned Gloster, a good one.

Men and lads together on chairs and on upturned boxes before livery-stable doors or before country-town hotels at evening, breeding lines being discussed and fought over, great names mentioned, the master reinsmen, Murphy, Budd Doble, Walter Cox, and the great master of them all, Pop Geers.—"And did you once see Shelley plain?"—They didn't speak of him as Pop. They called him Mr. Geers. He died at seventy-four, in the sulky, in the home stretch, those powerful old hands of his holding the reins over a good one.

The owners not walking about, so expensively tailored, on running-track clubhouse lawns—millionaires. Owners and trainers stayed with the trotting horses, worked with them, drove them in long bitterly fought heats, in danger always of being cut down, trampled, even killed.

Vicious men, gentle ones, firm ones. Boys running away from home to be stable boys, "swipes," to get a glimpse of the big world, be near a good one. All the boys dreaming of some day being a driver. They knowing in their hearts that it was a fine art—Shipman's Fred Dunbar, Leon Farmer, Will Broderick, Tommy the Dancer, Aroostook Slim.

The death of the old bum Pete on a night when rain fell over a lonely fair ground, the story of Stamina's last race, and that other story of the way Fred Dunbar brought on the colt Black Worthy. I could write pages about Shipman's book—read it, have yourself a warm real American evening. Excuse me. I put the book with the best of Hemingway or Faulkner and even with Chekhov and with the finest of Turgenev, his glorious "Annals of a Sportsman."

The book is illustrated with beautiful little drawings that

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Historian of Revolutions

Everyman His Own Historian: Essays on History and Politics, by Carl L. Becker. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 325 pages. $2.50.

CARL BECKER'S many friends, with the appearance of this volume of essays and reviews, will have again the opportunity to ponder the various enigmas he represents. His case, also, is recommended to the attention of all those radical thinkers who have been frustrated by the resistance of so many American intellectuals to the new ferment of ideas. Here in Carl Becker, one of the foremost of America's living historians, is the puzzle that will have to be solved first before any real headway can be made: for he, the most upright of men, embodies all the honest hesitancies and doubts of that vast group of American literate and trained white-collar workers who have at one and the same time always insisted upon their intellectual and professional independence and identified themselves economically with the middle class. This dual question of white-collar independence and class identity is one of the vexing problems of the day.

It is worth while to examine the parts of the puzzle, at any rate, as they are found in the life and work of Carl Becker. At the University of Wisconsin, where he completed his undergraduate work and spent two years more in graduate studies, he fell under the influence of Frederick Jackson Turner: and the present volume of essays contains a long and glowing tribute to his teacher. But there are not too many evidences in his own work to indicate that Becker accepted the Turner hypothesis as the truly significant statement of historical causation: for, aside from an essay called "Kansas" which was published in 1910, Becker has never devoted himself to an examination of the effects of the frontier on the shaping of American institutions. Becker has a fine and independent mind: early he must have seen that there were other forces at work in the modern world. Thus, when he took his doctor's degree at Columbia, his thesis did not deal with a characteristic Turner subject, but with the clash of causes in the colonial province of New York during the period of revolutionary crisis that ushered in our War of Independence. Published in 1908, this thesis still stands as one of the great monographs in American colonial history.

During most of the first decade of the twentieth century Becker was studying some of the processes of revolution. He has continued to study revolution, notably the American and French Revolutions, ever since. In 1918, he published the "Eve of the Revolution," a skillful and imaginative exercise in recreating the atmosphere of the American colonies when the revolutionary ferment was working. In 1922 there appeared a scholarly study of the Declaration of Independence (which was the manifesto of the American revolutionists). In 1927, he wrote a long essay, "The Spirit of '76," in which again he sought to catch the feel of those stirring days, this time through the person of an imaginary participant. In 1932, he published a volume of lectures, "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers." "The Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" and "The Dictionary of American Biography" are filled with biographical articles by him that deal with men who were prominent in revolutionary America and France.

To write about revolution as Carl Becker has done, a scholar must understand and correctly evaluate the periods find Becker's great shortcoming. He does not do this. Instead, he breaks off one segment of the whole for his examination, he isolates one class and seeks to understand it alone. In short, Becker studies revolution as a middle-class man and as an intellectual.

How do we know this? Here are the objective facts. His preoccupation is constantly with the immediate preliminaries leading up to the revolution. In one case, it is with the revolutionary climate in New York in the decade or so before the final break; in another, it is with the same climate in the wider region of the whole colonial scene; in still another, it is with the theoretical antecedents of the revolutionary call to arms, the Declaration of Independence; in a fourth, it is with the temper of the French thinkers who talked and wrote about the revolution when its critical stage began to approach. Never does Becker indicate his willingness to see revolution, let us say, as a straight line that has its origins in a relatively remote past and continues beyond the actual period of crisis: he is not concerned with before and after. He sees it rather as a single fixed point shorn of all movement. The revolution begins to happen for Becker when people begin to talk and write and speculate about its necessity.

Another piece of external evidence. The revolution, by Becker, is seen only in terms of a particular group, that is to say, the group with which, no doubt unconsciously, he feels himself in greatest sympathy. On a number of different occasions, notably in his "Eve of the Revolution" and in the essay "The Spirit of '76," so closely is this identification established that Becker is able to make himself speak for his persons. The "Eve of the Revolution" is recommended as a little masterpiece of this kind of oblique writing: so completely has the author got the feel of his subjects that the reader can quite readily convince himself that not Becker is doing the explaining, but the American Tory, the intellectual, the British placeman.

Now, it is possible to recreate historical personalities completely only if they themselves have been articulate from time to time. Becker devotes himself to the revolutionary preliminaries because they are the period during which articulation becomes common. Here is the culmination of all those forces that have, for a long time, been sweeping on toward the flood. The contradictions within a productive system have sharpened; oppression is felt; protests are voiced; programs for relief are formulated. People write letters, prepare memorials, set up committees; intellectuals pour pamphlets and books in an unending stream from the presses. In a bourgeois revolution the upper-middle classes and their intellectual spokesmen have been the first, quite frequently the only ones, to be stirred into vocal activity. And because Becker, as historian, has studied the documents—the yellow pages of holograph manuscripts and old newspapers and broadsides—he can see revolution only in terms of the people who began talking about it and in terms of what they said.

That the articulate ones may not have understood fully the implications of the immediate events; that the inarticulate ones have no representatives at all: these are possibilities that such a method as Becker's cannot take into account. Hence, in "The Spirit of '76" it is only the merchant who talks; in the essay "John Jay and Peter Van Schaak," only the position of two members of the colonial upper-middle class is set forth; in "The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers" we find only the point of view of the intellectuals. Not the silent small

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pression, they—at any rate, during the preliminary period of revolutionary crisis—did not articulate their protests and prepare their programs for relief.

One may, now, fit the elements of the picture together. Becker, who is a non-Marxist, sees revolution not as a force, but as an event. It originates only when interested and enlightened persons begin to talk: thus, the event is largely intellectual. Becker himself is an intellectual and hence he shrinks from the consequences of the revolution. The preliminaries are orderly and rational: there is oppression and people are being injured; intellectuals speak up—either about a fair system of taxation or representation in government or recognition of merchant interests or (if they are philosophers) natural rights. Then the revolution itself breaks out: it is violent, disorderly and cruel. Groups that were inarticulate during the revolutionary preliminaries make themselves heard for the first time; they vent their spleen on their oppressors; they burn down homes, they pillage, they torture and sometimes they kill; they make demands—the right to vote, to acquire property, to be free of the exactions of church authorities. The revolution goes on: and within it, very often, there rages civil war. All this, in terms of what political thinkers were discussing in such orderly fashion during the period of revolutionary crisis, is not only sordid but irrational. It is by this, I suppose automatically, that Becker is revolted. He never draws such elements into his fascinating pictures; and the pictures end by being distorted because they are incomplete.

It is Becker's inability to see revolution's role in history clearly and to see it whole that leads to his current deep confusions. The first section of this book is called "Liberty and Equality," and in it he has collected a number of papers that set forth his position: it is that of the middle-class intellectual. A characteristic passage shows where he thinks his loyalties are: "Although humane lovers of the masses, we are . . . highly differentiated individuals who prize our liberties, including the liberty of not belonging to the masses whom we love. . . ." The present political struggle he views as one between individualism and equalitarianism; but he refuses to be a participant and he is wracked by agonies of indecision. He writes: "Choose? Oh me, that word choose! We cannot choose liberty without denouncing the drastic methods now being taken to obtain equality, or choose equality so obtained without betraying liberty."

Liberty or equality? But those are not the alternatives. The choice is between survival or extinction, and had Becker studied revolution in all its implications he would have phrased the problem correctly. He would have seen, for example, that the history of the nineteenth century was a sequel to the bourgeois revolutions whose beginnings he has presented so carefully. Now, at last, the earlier entanglements of the medieval remnants were cut away, the minds and energies of men finally were released from the authoritarianism that had stifled growth for such a long time, the middle class was free to carry the lessons of technology into whatever fields private enterprise saw opportunities for its own aggrandizement. Capitalism, in the nineteenth century, was free: from the shackles upon individual striving forged by absolute monarchy, established church, collegiate guilds, the mercantilist system; and it entered upon its youthful and progressive period. In the beginning, chances for expansion were to be found everywhere —in home countries, in overseas possessions, in backward areas of the world; the rigidity of class lines, for the time being, was relaxed. There was an easy flow from

The climate of the nineteenth century was free precisely because opportunities for free economic enterprise appeared boundless. Human history has seen other such periods: Carl Becker is mistaken when he looks on liberalism as peculiarly a fleeting phenomenon of modern times. The Renaissance Italian and Low Country cities and Elizabethan England were similarly free: and the reason was the same: in each case, and for a short time, men just released from the restraints of old systems seemed capable of vaulting all obstacles and reaching the stars.

The bourgeois liberalism of the nineteenth century could afford to be generous. And if the liberal creed was able to serve practical ends at the same time, was that not an excellent reason for encouraging extension into political realms? By widening the franchise, by guaranteeing constitutional liberties, by opening the doors of public education, the upper middle classes—who triumphed in the bourgeois revolutions—were able to win over to their side the petty bourgeoisie and the skilled workers. With their help they kept at bay the reactionary forces of the large landlords and, on the other hand, held in subjection the unskilled industrial workers.

In this manner the bourgeois revolutions worked themselves out; and such were their fruits. These have now been plucked: capitalism is in decline. The period of expansive growth has ceased; class lines have definitely hardened; the former allies of the bourgeoisie, aware of the insubstantiality of political liberalism when economic liberalism no longer has room in which to operate, have become restive. More and more, members of the lower-middle classes and of the skilled workers are beginning to understand that their position is no better than that of the unskilled workers, always oppressed and exploited. It is now—in a period of revolutionary crisis once more—that class hostilities are completely unmasked. The wheel for us is approaching full circle as it did for the men of the 1640's in England, of the 1770's in America, and of the 1780's in France. And just as the privileged classes, then fighting to hold their prerogatives, walled the underprivileged in behind the confines of authoritarianism, so privilege does today. Change and growth are its enemies.

Carl Becker is at sea in the face of current events because he looks on liberty as a characteristic of capitalism. Liberty has nothing to do with capitalism itself; but it has everything to do with living and healthy growth. And because capitalism has exhausted all the means of external expansion, it seeks to survive by turning inward on itself and feeding on its own members. Repression, decay and international war must be our lot, if its control over the means of production is not broken.

The choice is not, as Carl Becker seems to think, between liberty and equality; the choice is between life and death. Only in an atmosphere in which social life and development can be permanently assured will liberty grow truly. Carl Becker tries to brush away the necessity for a choice. But the extinction of all those things he holds dear must come if he and the middle-class intellectuals and professionals like himself do not align themselves with the living forces in society. The Carl Becker of 1935 has grown weary and is willing to accept the stultification that must come from silence. To him I recall a sentence he wrote in 1919 when he was describing the position of men in another period of revolutionary crisis, that leading up to the American Revolution: "For [John] Jay the situation no longer demanded of any man that he should define his rights; it

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About Poetry and Poets

King Jasper: A Poem, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. With an Introduction by Robert Frost. New York: The Macmillan Company. 125 pages. $2.

THIS LAST long poem of E. A. Robinson's and the prose preface by Mr. Robert Frost are two remarkable documents, full of disappointing implications to those who regard both writers as among the most honorable literary figures of their generation. "King Jasper," it is true, is a measurably more interesting poem than most of the excessively tenuous and enigmatic long narratives of Robinson's later years; the language and the verse themselves have a color and a speed that one sought in vain among the drifting fogs of "Cavender's House" and "The Glory of the Nightingales." But the intellectual cementation of the poem makes Robinson seem like the laureate of some alien people, not like a poet of one's own race.

"King Jasper" would have to be unriddled page by page and almost line by line if it were to be rendered wholly lucid to your mind and mine, but it is by no means wholly opaque. It is a tale of the last days of an elderly king of great wealth and power who has arrived at these things by ways legitimate and illegitimate; who has left the broken lives of his best friends behind him on his way upward; and who now realizes that his kingdom, symbolized by a large cluster of chimneys in the midst of which lurks a hungry dragon, is alive with mysterious hands that are silently preparing its destruction. The actual work of violent overthrow, including the murder of Jasper himself, is the deed of Young Hebron, the malignant and wanton offspring of Jasper's ancient friend Hebron, whose defeat and death have been the most tragic of Jasper's injustices.

There is also a young woman of great magnetism and vitality, named Zoë, who becomes the bride of Jasper's son, the Prince, and yet also claims to be the real daughter of Jasper himself, and who at any rate, after Young Hebron has brutally murdered both the King and the Prince, turns upon *him* and dispatches him with her knife. Zoë might be many things, the "free," "critical" or "creative" spirit, the undying vitality of individualistic idealism, or what not. But Jasper is pretty clearly the emblem of power-sated commercialism or capitalism; Young Hebron is the force of blind, vengeful and bestial destruction embodied apparently, to Robinson's mind, in the forces of social change; and the collapse of Jasper's chimneys is the fated downfall of a grand but unstable order. In any case, as the work of a man who once wrote an impassioned tribute to Theodore Roosevelt as "The Revealer," "King Jasper" leaves a painful after-taste on the palate: it symbolizes the old order in the figure of a guilty but generous and essentially noble monarch, whose downfall is the work of fate, to be sure, but also of blood-thirsty revenge.

It is in a comparable vein that Robert Frost pays tribute to Robinson. Unlike the younger writers, of whom Mr. Frost speaks in accents that are close to the patronizing, and who are mistakenly seeking to make poetry out of "grievances," Robinson was content with "griefs." "Give us immedicable woes," says Mr. Frost—"woes that nothing can be done for—woes flat and final." If the test of a poetic woe is that no balm exists for it, then certainly the youngest

How can we write
The Russian novel in America
As long as life goes so unterribly?

He asked the question with a certain facetiousness of course, but both that passage and the present preface have the effect of placing an astronomical distance between him and us. There is a cant of skepticism, a complacency of the pessimist, as well as their opposites, and it is profoundly disappointing to see distinguished minds succumbing to them.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Solstice and Other Poems, by Robinson Jeffers. New York: Random House. 151 pages. $2.50.

WITH Wagnerian thunder, Robinson Jeffers in the opening narrative poem of this volume, "At the Birth of an Age," carries on the Nibelungen Lied with the story of Gudrun who, having betrayed her three brothers to the Hun Attila, kills herself. But Jeffers doesn't allow his noble heroine any peace in the immediate hereafter: she has accepted "Christianity," hence her spirit must suffer for her sins. She meets and converses with Prometheus, the "hanged god," who sings Jeffers' theme-song: "Without the pain, no knowledge of peace, nothing. Without the peace, no value in the pain."

This part of the poem, for all its confusing symbolism, rises to those dramatic heights which Jeffers, with his superb command of form, so often achieves. His Grecian chorus of Promethean singers, however, in passages such as the following, voice the poet's indictment of modern civilization:

—And who is to lead us in that day?
The gnomes of the chaste machines?—Not they.
—What, the scared rich?
—Snow: the sword.
—Into the ditch.
—Man has no noble lord.
—Now the age points to the pit, all our vocation
Is to teach babes to jump.—Oh sterile
Process of Caesars, all the barren Caesars.

Jeffers tries to explain the whole poem's symbolism in an introductory note. Christianity, he says, has built a great, but contradictory civilization: it has caused "a tension between civilization's two poles: western blood and superimposed orientalism." Further, he states, as the Christian *faith* becomes extinct, the Christian *ethic—i. e.,* philanthropy, socialism, communism, etc.—gets stronger. All of which means, according to Mr. Jeffers, that because of the ascending Christian ethic, our civilization is on the downward path.

"Solstice," the book's title-poem, is just another Jeffersian Carmelodrama. The short concluding lyrics, with their symbols of Rock (which some might interpret as ivory tower) and Hawk (emblem of Caesar) are more revealing. In "Shine, Republic," Jeffers says that America was "born to love freedom," but that freedom requires "blood for its fuel." Hence, America:

you will hood it like a kept hawk,
you will perch it on the wrist of Caesar.

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annihilation of humankind (followed by peace) will do Mr. Jeffers nicely. Provided, I gather, that he can sit alone in his stone tower, surrounded by California scenery, while the whole disgusting business is going on, and dash off a last dramatic poem or two before Peace gathers him to her bosom.

RUTH LECHLITNER.

The Poems of W. H. Davies. New York: The Viking Press. 475 pages. $3.

Love Poems, by W. H. Davies. New York: The Viking Press. 60 pages. $1.25.

FROM THE standpoint of those who maintain that the character of a man's life can be viewed to best advantage in the quality of his work, the poetry of Mr. W. H. Davies presents an interesting problem. His story is well known: born into poverty, fitted for no particular trade, anxious to write yet lacking the necessary leisure, or the necessary connections that might have made it possible, he drifted into a variety of odd jobs—sometimes, precariously, solving the whole desperate situation by the dubious method of becoming a tramp. Recognition came to him at last; but the period of waiting was slow and painful—even when measured by the experiences of other impoverished writers. Yet the rough and brutal side of his early struggles seems scarcely to have affected the quality of his work: the poems in these two volumes are distinguished by an almost feminine grace combined with a youthful spontaneity all the more remarkable when we consider that Mr. Davies did not begin to write seriously until he was at an age when most poets are already launched upon their careers.

The truth is that Mr. Davies' talent is a minor but decidedly authentic one: if certain vital experiences have remained beyond its reach, contributing little to its development, they have, on the other hand, been powerless to destroy it. His delight in the natural world is as fresh as when he first began to observe; and it is this delight which is the constant source of his inspiration. Technically, he is often far from perfect; and there are times when his overresponsiveness betrays him into writing doggerel. But the best of his lyrics have an engaging simplicity, a delicate zest and a deft melody that is altogether their own.

"Collected Poems" contains all of Mr. Davies' work up to 1935; "Love Poems" is a selection compiled from poems written during the year. Although "Love Poems" suffers from the same faults of carelessness that occasionally mar the larger volume, in the main it shows that Mr. Davies has lost none of his early spontaneity.

HELEN NEVILLE.

XXIV Elegies, by John Gould Fletcher. Santa Fé, N. M.: Writers' Editions. 87 pages. $2.50.

THE POET who grows, and who is willing to take the pains and risks necessary to do so, is not a common case in recent literature. Mr. Fletcher's early apprenticeship to verse under the American wing of the Imagist movement is continuously visible to the reader of his mature volumes of the past decade; but the degree to which they carry over the facile descriptive and symbolical methods of that group is corrected by their maturity in serious intellectual purposes, and by a concern with the social and moral life of the times. The cry from his color symphonies to these elegies is too seldom a far one. Here, as there, the flow and surfeit of imagery tend to weaken an accurate

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Elegy," or of familiar and unstable metaphor, as in "Elegy on London," one easily recognizes the impediments Imagism could offer a poet of serious bent. Then the elegiac motive stressed in these twenty-four titles becomes as enervating as the symphonic device employed in "Goblins and Pagodas."

However, if one presses on to the somber and skeptical, if often undecided, attitude toward modern disorder and "progress" expressed in the best of these poems (and if one has the advantage of reading them after Mr. Fletcher's "Branches of Adam" and "The Black Rock"), it is soon possible to recognize the critical intelligence and intense cultural consciousness that can go toward rescuing a real poetic character from the self-indulgence and stylistic excesses by which a popular esthetic movement can threaten and retard it. Mr. Fletcher's struggle as an artist clearly lies between his early poetic enthusiasms and his later (and fundamental) convictions about his age, his traditions and his personal responsibility toward them. His elegies "On the Building of the Washington Bridge," "A Civil War Cemetery," "Middle-Age" and "An Empty Skyscraper" need not be the most successful poems he has written in order to reveal what the true sources of his poetic importance and endurance are.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

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Contributors

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JONATHAN MITCHELL has contributed numerous articles to The New Republic and other magazines. He was formerly a European correspondent for The New York World.

JAMES WECHSLER is the author of "Revolt on the Campus," published last October by Covici, Friede. Last year he was editor of The Spectator, the student newspaper at Columbia University, and he has written for The New Republic, The New Masses and The American Spectator.

ALLEN TATE has published several books of poetry and biographies of Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson. He is a member of the faculty of Southwestern University in Memphis, Tennessee.

ROBERT HALLOWELL is a painter, at present serving as assistant to the director of the Federal Art Project of the Works Progress Administration.

LOUIS M. HACKER was recently appointed lecturer in Economics at Columbia University. He is the author of "A Short History of the New Deal," and co-author of "The United States Since 1865."

NEWTON ARVIN, an associate professor of English at Smith College, is the holder of a Guggenheim Fellowship this year.

RUTH LECHLITNER writes book reviews for The New York Herald Tribune Books and is the author of a volume of verse soon to be published.

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